THE English REVIEW

OCTOBER 1936

DEREK WALKER-SMITH — Current Comments
SIR CHARLES PETRIE — Foreign Affairs
EVELYN WAUGH — The Disappointing War (III)
C. H. MIDDLETON — From a Garden Seat
E. D. O'BRIEN — Germany Looks Outward
DOUGLAS GOLDRING — The Destruction of Georgian London
E. M. E. BLYTH — Has England Failed in Palestine?
STEPHEN FOX — Fall Idyll

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The English Review

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The English Review

28th Year of Publication

EXPANSION OF THE ENGLISH REVIEW

October 1936

It is now four months since the controlling interest in *The English Review* passed into its present hands. The Board of Directors that was then constituted comprises Mr. Peter Brassey, Mr. Collin Brooks, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, who was for seven years editor of this paper, and Mr. Malcolm Vaughan; the editorship passing at the same time to Mr. Derek Walker-Smith. The aim of the new board was to provide the intelligent reading public with a first-class monthly paper, to include articles of political, literary and general interest besides fiction, book reviews and poetry.

We suffer to-day from a plethora of daily and weekly journalism. Such journalism is composed for the most part of a jumbled assortment of facts arranged only with a view to catching the eye of the casual observer. A monthly paper such as *The English Review* has nothing in common with journalism such as this. A monthly paper should be able to present contemporary events in a truer perspective and a deeper significance than is possible in popular journalism. Popular journalism tells its readers what has happened. A

good monthly paper correlates what has happened with a proper view of life, respect for the past and a decent regard for the future.

It follows that *The English Review* is partisan. That is to say, it holds certain beliefs and accepts certain standards. *The English Review* is a mirror of informed and independent Conservative opinion. It presents and interprets the true views of Toryism without regard to the compromises that Party officials and Party organizations sometimes feel compelled to make. *The English Review* is to-day the only paper in the English language which is expressing a Conservative philosophy that would be recognized as such by those who interpreted Conservative principles in the days when this country stood unquestionably supreme among the nations through its adherence to those principles.

The fact that this is so places a great responsibility and an arduous task upon *The English Review* ; and it has become apparent to the members of the new board that the task could only be adequately fulfilled if the paper were increased in size and thus given greater scope. It has, therefore, been decided to increase the size of the paper both in respect of the number and of the size of the individual pages. Next month, therefore, will see an *English Review* of 144 pages, larger in size than hitherto, and printed upon a superior quality of paper. The cover, too, has been altered to provide a more attractive presentation in keeping with the most modern developments of magazine production.

The new price appropriate to the enlarged production will be 2*s.* 6*d.* per month. The present subscribers who have already taken out an annual subscription for 14*s.* are, of course, entitled to delivery of the new enlarged paper until the expiry of their subscriptions. Further, intending sub-

scribers who care to do so, may secure a twelve months' delivery of the new enlarged paper by subscribing at the old rate of 14*s.* before November 1st, 1936.

The English Review will command writers of the first magnitude on a wide variety of subjects. Amongst others who will contribute will be: Hilaire Belloc, Arthur Bryant, Wyndham Lewis, Sir Charles Petrie, Evelyn Waugh, Douglas Jerrold, Anthony Ludovici, A. G. Street, Douglas Goldring, Theodora Benson, Princess Marthe Bibesco, Dr. Keith Feiling, Douglas Woodruff, C. H. Middleton, Sir George MacMunn and Francis Yeats-Brown. Some of these will be contributors of regular monthly features. In addition, distinguished statesmen of the calibre of Lord Lloyd, the Right Honourable L. S. Amery, Sir Edward Grigg and Lord Londonderry will discuss the problems of the day.

Each month there will be authoritative features on agriculture, foreign affairs, gardening and finance in addition to short stories by well-known authors, and a comprehensive literary supplement containing book reviews by Hector Bolitho, Derek Walker-Smith, Gilbert Armitage, Maurice Richardson, Lord Killanin and others.

The paper will continue and expand the practice of Mr. Douglas Jerrold in having, as the chief feature, a monthly commentary contributed by the editor. This and other more specialized comments will not shirk the duty of outspoken criticism where this should be necessary.

It is firmly believed that *The English Review* in its new form will play in the present century as considerable and effective a part in the life and literature of the nation as did the great periodicals of the nineteenth century.

Current Comments

By Derek Walker-Smith.

Close Season for Politicians

AUGUST and September used to be considered a close season for politicians. Politics were banished with the advent of grouse and only latterly and reluctantly were Party conferences allowed to appear with the pheasants. That there is no longer any such close season for politics can be seen by the most casual glance at a troubled world. But British politicians still observe the pleasant ritual of their forefathers. Mr. Baldwin takes himself obscurely from one Liberal country-house to another; Mr. Ormsby-Gore found the Dalmatian Coast an appropriate place for the study of the problems of Palestine; Mr. Secretary Eden fell, not inappropriately, a victim to a disease generally reserved for children. Such are the movements of our rulers while abroad stronger wills are moulding the policies of their peoples.

The Power of Politicians

PEOPLE in England are wont to console themselves for this poor showing by proclaiming that in this country politicians do not exercise the absolute power they do in dictatorship countries. It is a poor consolation, based on a fallacy. If the Cabinet, or its directing members, see fit to go to war, we are at war; if, as is more probable, their blundering leads them involuntarily into war, we are at war. Our vaunted freedom and democratic institutions only disguise the fact that under modern conditions the power of life and death is held more absolutely by the holders of the Government than circumstances ever allowed to a mediæval despot. It is for this reason that we cannot look wholly unmoved on the pleasant lives of our rulers. Never have they appeared more care-free; never have we had more reason for care. Those who do not share the complacency of Mr. Baldwin or the ingenuousness of Mr. Eden must be forgiven if the situation in the world to-day gives them profound cause for disquiet.

Palestine

Of the many danger zones illuminated by the spotlight of recent events, the most important to us is Palestine. It has stung the Government to action, even during the Recess. It is true that neither the Prime Minister nor the Foreign Secretary nor the Chancellor of the Exchequer found it convenient to attend the meeting of the Cabinet at which the decision to send 10,000 troops to Palestine was taken. Perhaps if the Cabinet had been more fully attended, that decision would not have been taken. Many people have welcomed the Government's action simply because it is action. They have fallen victims to the old fallacy : " Something must be done ; this is something, let us do it."

Bayonets and Grievances

If there is terrorism in Palestine, then the Government must stop it. If it can only be stopped by force of arms, then force must be employed. So much would be admitted by everybody, but the Arabs have legitimate grievances and grievances have never been cured by bayonets. We have reason to know the fighting qualities and powers of endurance of the Arabs for they were lent gallantly to our own cause in the Great War. We have reason, too, to know the demoralizing effect upon soldiers of police duties in a hostile country ; for we experienced it not so long ago in Ireland. In open warfare one knows roughly whether one is under fire or likely to become so ; in the work that they have been sent to do, every bush or every wall may conceal an enemy, and no person can be relied upon as a friend. It follows that a campaign of repression cannot for a moment be regarded as a permanent contribution to the settlement of the problem, unless the Arab grievances are to be redressed when they have ceased to resort to force.

Jews and Arabs

The present Colonial Secretary is a Zionist. The wisdom of such an appointment at such a time may have been apparent to others. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that Mr. Ormsby-Gore will rise superior to environment and do something to remedy the mistake of his kinsman, Lord

Balfour. Just as Mr. Gladstone seemed to overlook the existence of the people of Ulster when he promised Home Rule for Ireland, so Lord Balfour seemed to manage to overlook the fact that Palestine was already populated by the Arabs when he promised a National Home to the Jews: a feat more incredible than Mr. Gladstone's, as the Arab population was then 93 per cent. of the people of Palestine. As is shown clearly in the article which appears on Palestine in this issue, the country will not long remain to the Arabs if the present rate of Jewish immigration is to be maintained. There can be no doubt but that in a very short time, Palestine would be lost to the Arabs who would become a minority, if not a subject people, in the land that was once their own. Nobody has the right to contract a people out of their own home country. To attempt to do so is to fly in the face of the experience of history: to expect to do so without retribution is to forget the lessons with which history has enforced that experience.

The Effect on the Mohammedan World

THE Government have sent troops to restore order but have refused to restrict Jewish immigration. The importance of this gesture to the Mohammedan world cannot be over-estimated. It will be interpreted by them as meaning that Great Britain has cast off the role of just arbiter and friend, and has appeared in the light of repressive and unsympathetic tyranny. Opinion on the spot, to which the Government seems to be paying singularly little attention, is unanimous on this point. If a policy of repression of the Arabs without redress is adopted, there are 70 million Mohammedans in India will want to know the reason why. Can we, at a time when the Hindu politicians are straining every nerve to disrupt the ties of Empire, weakened already by British compliance with their demands, afford to alienate the masses of our loyal fellow citizens in India on an issue such as this? Do Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ormsby-Gore contemplate, not only a prolonged shooting down of the Arab population with our 10,000 troops, but an extension of the same method to quell the flames of Mohammedan revolt which will spread to India if they take fire in Palestine.

Apart from the imperial ethics of the case, do they feel confident that the armed strength of this country, which successive Governments have refused to build up, is sufficient for fighting on so many fronts at once ?

Poland or the Empire?

THE Government's action may well be endangering the Empire. What imperial reason can we find for their action ? We are apparently to run the risk of internecine warfare in Palestine and India with the not improbable result of our compulsory abdication of our imperial status. We should only be justified in doing so if pushed by the strongest necessity of the peoples of the Empire. In fact, we are doing it to provide a national home for the Jews. Who are these Jews ? On another page will be found the figures which show that over 50 per cent. of the Jews entering Palestine come from Poland, and none from this country. The Jews in this country are well treated, given equality of status, and naturally do not wish to emigrate. We have, in fact, no national interest in the question at all. We are being asked, at a time when it is seriously doubted whether our equipment is sufficient to discharge our imperial and national obligations, to undertake a crusade against our own allies and our own people, in order to drain the ghettoes of Poland into the plains of Palestine. The first to protest against such a policy should be patriotic Jews in this country, who must realize that the inevitable effect of such an action would be the reconsidering by the man-in-the-street of his attitude to our Jews.

Mr. Baldwin in Danger

SUCH are the imperial implications of the Government's attitude to the Palestine question. It may have domestic repercussions of which Mr. Baldwin should not lose sight. Mr. Baldwin is so assiduous in his efforts, generally unsuccessful, to conciliate opposition on the left-wing that he forgets that that is not the only direction from which opposition may come ; and Britain is a right-wing country. There could be no better Fascist propaganda in this country than the casualty lists which we may shortly expect from

Palestine, bearing the news to our country hamlets and our industrial centres that children are orphaned and women have become widows in the interests of the Polish ghettoes. But, apart from the great impetus that such circumstances might possibly give to the Fascist movement, Mr. Baldwin should consider the effect on the Conservative Party. The Conservative Party have put up with a great deal; but there is a limit to their endurance. There are men in both Houses of Parliament who acted as pro-consuls in the East. These men are aware of the danger that we run and are sensitive to the responsibility that we bear. It is not to be expected that they will look on calmly while Poland is preferred to the Empire. Nor is it to be expected that the mass of Conservative opinion in the country will calmly look on while the Government, which its votes returned, pursues a policy which is the negation of Nationalism, Imperialism and Conservatism. Governments which have been long in office tend to get out of touch with the opinion of the country. This is especially true of Mr. Baldwin's friends in the present administration. It may well be, if they do not take warning in time, that they will be brought into contact with it with unpleasant suddenness. Mr. Baldwin of all men has best reason to remember the importance of the Near East in domestic politics. Chanak brought down the Coalition Government in 1922. Palestine is not far away.

Our Policy Towards Spain

WHILE we have sent our 10,000 troops to quell disorder in Palestine, the German Fuehrer has had his annual display of national strength and unity at Nuremberg. The Government should take a lesson from its failure in Palestine in regard to its policy towards Germany. Here again it is eminently desirable to have a definite policy before it is too late. In Germany, as in the Spanish imbroglio, we must be nationalists before we are political philosophers. Our sympathies may be towards right-wing Government just as the sympathies of other persons are towards left-wing Government, but the final criterion of our relationships with other countries must be the national criterion: How does it

affect us? In Spain we are correctly pursuing a policy of non-intervention; but we must keep in steady view the realization that the Government in Spain which is finally established will have a considerable importance to this country in Mediterranean matters. The conflict is generally regarded in this country as one between Bolshevism and Fascism. It is also a conflict which will decide what power will hold the coastline next to the Straits of Gibraltar. In the Eastern Mediterranean we have moved to Cyprus, the fortification of which is to be applauded. We must watch our interests closely and perseveringly in the Western Mediterranean.

And Germany

IF at the moment it is impossible further to define our attitude towards Spain, this is not the case with regard to Germany. Nobody who visits Germany can fail to be impressed with their friendliness towards us; but as Mr. O'Brian, who has just returned from his duties in Berlin, points out in his article on another page, there is a danger of this friendliness becoming tinged with contempt. The vacillating policy of this country is not such as to appeal to a nation that so pre-eminently knows its own mind. If we think imperially, as we should think, there is only one question that can divide us from Germany. The question of British colonies; not colonies in the abstract, but British colonies.

The Colonial Issue

THE question of colonies, curiously enough, is one of the few questions on which Germany does not seem completely to have made up her own mind. Here we could be of assistance and help her to do so. There is no doubt that German intentions in this respect would be influenced by a reasonable and steady attitude on the part of this country, backed by the force of public opinion. There are various reasons why it is extremely difficult for us to meet German wishes with regard to colonies in South Africa. The reasons are not primarily that we are making a good thing out of them. The first reason is that we cannot encourage naval

competition by any power. Secondly, we hold the colonies in trust and that trusteeship can only be discharged with the consent, and at the request, of the Cestuique Trustent. Thirdly, the suggestion would clearly meet with great opposition in South Africa. These are powerful and valid reasons, with all of which the Fuehrer and the German people would sympathize. They are much more likely to respect these views than any appeals to a League of Nations or Covenants in which they have lost faith.

Think Imperially

It should be remembered that Germany has not in fact or in form demanded back the African colonies. She has demanded an outlet and the possibility of freer access to raw materials. These may be sought elsewhere; and in this context it is worth while noting that Germany's imports from her pre-War colonies were very small. If the outlet is sought in other directions we should hesitate to condemn. The desire of the Third Reich to absorb, for instance, all Germanic people in Europe is legitimate, and a desire which as such we have no right or reason to oppose. If, further, the outlet sought should lead to a conflict with a power to whom we owe no duty or friendliness, it would not be our business to intervene. The Government have, unfortunately, too often given the impression that expansion at the expense of the British Empire is the one form of expansion which they would not oppose. In this matter, which is liable to assume an ever increasing importance, the Government, as in all other matters, must learn to think nationally and imperially. It will the better subserve not only the interests of the people whom it represents, but also the interests of that Peace which is so often on the tongues of its members.

A Lesson from Stalin

One advantage that accrues from a Government thinking nationally and imperially is that it leaves its leisure to mind its own business. In this respect—though probably in no other—they have something to learn from the Head of the Russian State. Stalin carries on his Russian policy,

completely unaffected by what people think of him outside. When he wishes to shoot his old friends, he does so. Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., whose legal acumen at once told him that a trial in Berlin at which he was not present and where notorious Communists were acquitted by German judges could not have been fair, returns full of praises for the curious Russian methods of trial. Mr. Attlee, with a more prescient view, perhaps, as to the fate of bourgeois revolutionaries, was more reticent, while even papers like "The New Statesman" found the unsugared pill a little difficult to swallow. Stalin, like Gallo, cared for none of these things. The other side was shot and he gets on with his work. In England nobody is shot, and there seems a curious reluctance to mind our own political business.

Limitations of the Labour Party

THE drawback of all these international situations and international complications is that it obscures the domestic issue. The Socialist Party, who have lost faith in their economic dogma, clutch at international affairs as the best ground for controversy, and that on which promises and pledges can least easily be brought home to the maker. They are anxious to talk of anything except the welfare of the working classes. For one reason their case is bad and their consciences uneasy. Thus, in all the storm of platform indignation which attended the debate on the Unemployment Assistance Board's new scales for relief, no contribution was made by the men who might have been most expected to be in a position to speak; that is to say, those Socialist Members of Parliament who also, as members of the Socialist majority of the London County Council, are responsible for that body's scales of relief. There are five of these gentlemen, including Mr. Morrison and Mr. Silkin; none of these five gentlemen saw fit to break silence in the debate. The reason was only too clear; the scales that were being so feverishly denounced by their colleagues in Parliament were no worse, and in some few respects, better than the scales which the Socialist County Council are administering in London.

Socialism and the Trade Unions

THIS is, of course, just another instance of the oft-proved fact that the Socialist in office is a very different gentleman from the Socialist in opposition, and that a sound administration requires a broader basis than good intentions and uninformed platform eloquence. But coming at the time it does, it is especially significant, for there does now seem to be hope that the Trade Unions, that is to say organized employed labour, might possibly reconsider its allegiance to the Socialist theory. The various instances that have accumulated in the last few years whether in national, or in municipal, affairs, that Socialist pledges cannot be relied upon, and that the eagerly sketched Utopia is something of a miasma, have not been without their effect on the minds of the rank and file of the Trade Union movement. Now, in addition to this, comes the increasing pre-occupation of the political leaders of the Socialist Party with remote questions of foreign politics. The average subscribing member to a Trade Union may be pardoned for thinking that questions concerning the hours, wages and conditions of labour in his own industry are just as deserving of attention as the woes of Abyssinian emperors and female Communists from the Mediterranean, and that there are more urgent and proximate problems than those of Popular Fronts against distant Fascist scares.

Extremism and the Trade Unions

THE trend of this feeling could be observed in the voting at the Trade Union Congress held in the second week of September. There the tactics of the Left-wing, as always, were to attempt to distract Trade Unionism from its proper industrial activity and to endeavour to concentrate its attention on international affairs. The tactics of the Communists and Left-wing Socialists suffer from being too obvious and they met with a decisive check. They came away smarting, too, under the verbal lashes of Sir Walter Citrine and Mr. Ernest Bevin ; for Trade Unionism—more fortunate in this respect than some political parties—has leaders who are not afraid to speak out and to lead opinion instead of wobbling in the wake of noisy opposition elements.

The tactics of the Communists will now be to attempt further to discredit Sir Walter and Mr. Bevin as Right-wingers not deserving of the confidence of Trade Unionists. If Sir Walter and Mr. Bevin are wise, they will not resent the imputation of Right-wing tendencies; and if the Trade Unions are wise, they will not value their leadership the less on this account.

Conservatism and the Trade Unions

It has for some time been widely said that Trade Unions were Conservative bodies. It is time the point was made that Trade Unionists should form a large and valuable element in the Conservative Party. Members of Trade Unions are men with an interest in the welfare of the country's industries and with standards of life and often of craftsmanship to conserve. Their assent to the doctrine of Socialism was given at a time when political idealism seemed bankrupt and tradition destroyed by the War. At that time the prospect of Socialism, as a clean break and a new start, may well have seemed rosy by comparison. Times have changed all that. Socialism has variously been put to the test and found to be largely compounded of economic inaccuracy, psychological error and demagoguey. Socialist leaders have shown an increasing preoccupation with foreign politics and their own personal aggrandisement. The movement has been increasingly contaminated by political adventurers and decadent and deracinated intellectuals, whose constant preoccupation is to drag down the working classes to their own level. Communism has become popular amongst the lower types in all classes with the spread of Fascism abroad. It is not that they love the working classes; it is because they fear the shadow of national discipline.

The Real Contest

The situation, therefore, is radically altered. The present position is that Socialism has receded into the background and that the contest in the Trade Unions is between the Communists and Popular Fronters on the one hand—directed mainly by subsidized aliens and woolly-minded theorists from without—and the great body of Trade Union

opinion on the other, which is anxious that Trade Unions should serve their proper object of preserving and safeguarding the industry, and advancing the standard of life of those who are engaged in it. On this contest may well depend much of the future well-being of this country. It is not a contest that the Conservative Party should view unmoved. If Communism is to be defeated some better and more vigorous alternative must be offered to organized labour in this country than decaying, international-minded Socialist Party, shrinking from the social and industrial realities of the day.

Unfortunately, it has to be admitted that there is not very much in the Conservative Party, as at present constituted, to attract these elements. Even now, however, the Conservative Party commands at General Elections a large percentage of the votes of Trade Unionists and their families ; if this were not so, the Conservative Party would not be represented in the industrial constituencies of Great Britain. That it is so, is a great tribute to the vigorous nationalism and sense of stability which animates the minds of the working population of this country. But in order for the Conservative Party to attract the great body of Trade Union opinion to itself changes must be made in its outlook and composition. The Conservative Party was traditionally the Party of Peace, concentrating on domestic and social questions and preventing the exploitation of labour or industry by financial interests. Sloppy leadership and a too-ready acquiescence on the part of followers has lead the Conservative Party to derogate from its former high position It is perpetually concerned with Covenants, questions of foreign policy and a muddle-minded interference in the affairs of Europe ; it is popularly reputed to be closely in the league with the City ; it no longer represents even agriculture properly and whole-heartedly ; its seats are reputed to be put up for auction and its members of Parliament drawn from the class who can buy them most successfully.

Conservatism and Finance

SUCH is the light in which undoubtedly the Conservative Party appears to many observers to-day. It need hardly

be said that if that is a true light the Conservative Party is unlikely to increase its hold on the working classes, or indeed on any class save that representative of vested interests. No Party can be a popular party which is too closely associated with finance. Even if we do not altogether accept the black picture painted above, the gulf between the Conservative Party to-day representative of many financial interests and the Young England Party of Disraeli's imaginings is too wide to be overlooked. It is time that the Conservative Party became more unmistakably a national party. To encompass this several things are necessary.

Conservatism and the People

In the first place there must be a radical alteration in the present methods of selecting candidates for Parliament prevailing in many constituencies. The spectacle is becoming too familiar of an unrepresentative committee of wealthy local residents cynically selling the seat to the highest bidder, irrespective of the fact that he has no training in politics, no sense of national culture, and no proper sense of the duties and responsibilities that should be implied in membership of Parliament. The party which has no objection to such methods of recruitment, which have all the disadvantages of a system of pocket boroughs without any of its redeeming features, is not a party which can expect that its methods will appeal to the best types of politically-interested persons. It is far too difficult for working men to become Conservative members of Parliament: if it is well-nigh impossible for a working man, whatever the depth of his political convictions, and the strength of his political comprehension, to become a Conservative member of Parliament, it is difficult for that Party altogether to escape the reproach of being in some sort a class party. It is time that the Conservative Party seriously considered the problem of providing a career open to talent; if that is done, the career will lose nothing in its tradition of honourable service.

The Disappointing War. III

By Evelyn Waugh

[This concludes our extract from Mr. Waugh's new book treating of the Italo-Abyssinian War which is to be published shortly by Messrs. Longmans, Green.]

The Italian complaints may be summarized as stating that Ethiopia was barbarous and zenophobic and that she had not fulfilled her engagements to Italy under the 1928 treaty of Friendship. Of the truth of the first point there was never any serious doubt among informed people. Slavery and slave-raiding were universal; justice, when executed at all, was accompanied by torture and mutilation in a degree known nowhere else in the world; the central government was precarious and only rendered effective by repeated resort to armed force; disease was rampant. All were agreed upon the truth of these statements. The Covenant of the League assumed, and in some particulars specified, a cultural standard for its members to which Abyssinia nowhere approximated. The central government minimized, but admitted the existence of the problem. They contended that the solution lay within the country; in a generation Abyssinia would reform herself. There was no unanimity among foreign observers as to how much reliance could be placed on these assurances. In the absence of evidence most resorted to sentiment in forming their opinions. On the one side were the missionaries of all races and creeds. These were naturally disposed to credulity and charity. They preferred to believe the best of everyone; they were moreover bound to the Emperor by particular ties of gratitude, he gave them property and protection; some —one in particular who has been most eloquent in pleading the Ethiopian cause—had taken the foolhardy step of assuming Ethiopian nationality; the work they were doing was, in most cases, so patently altruistic that they encountered little hostility and some co-operation from their native superiors. Incongruously allied with these were the Europeans who deplored all European influence in Africa, and rejoiced to find an "unspoiled" area; who would have liked to preserve Ethiopia, in the way that National Parks

are isolated and preserved for animals, as a sanctuary for savages; extreme lovers of the picturesque who fostered lepers and eunuchs and brigand chiefs, as their milder brothers encouraged sulky yokels in England to perform folk dances on the village green. Added to these were a handful of travellers who had had the rare good fortune to be politely treated by the Abyssinians and were chivalrously disinclined to abuse the hospitality they had received. These were the elements which constituted the pro-Abyssinian party until the great campaign of 1935 started when the Socialists of Europe, in their hatred of the internal administration of Italy, nearly succeeded in precipitating world war in defence of an archaic African despotism.

The anti-Abyssinian party consisted of those who had done or attempted to do jobs in the country; it varied in composition from the consuls who were concerned in securing fulfilment of obligations towards their nationals and the cosmopolitan adventurers who had tried to trick the natives and found themselves tricked. These were convinced that there was no possibility of reform through the ordinary governmental channels and that European help would never be generally acceptable or effective as long as Abyssinia was an unconquered country. The zenophobia of the people was an insuperable barrier to all free co-operation. This is the feature of the country which has most impressed visiting writers—particularly the French. Djibouti has always been haunted by interested gossips who warn travellers of the dangers they will encounter up the line. Most people are disposed to settle high political questions in terms of the treatment they have received in casual encounters during their travels; a dishonest taxi-driver or an overbearing policeman embitter international relations more than the perfidy of governments. The English, on the whole, are intensely zenophobic and for this reason their sympathies are most easily aroused on behalf of nations with whom they have least acquaintance. All of them know something about the French and the Italians. They have been overcharged for their luncheon in Paris; they have been made to walk on the other side of the street in Rome. But only an infinitesimal number have

suffered the indignities of travelling in Abyssinia. Those that have are inclined to be intemperate about it.

The essence of the offence was that the Abyssinians, in spite of being by any possible standard an inferior race, persisted in behaving as superiors ; it was not that they were hostile, but contemptuous. The white man, accustomed to other parts of Africa, was disgusted to find the first-class carriages on the railway usurped by local dignitaries ; he found himself subject to officials and villainous looking men at arms whose language he did not know, who showed him no sort of preference on account of his colour, and had not the smallest reluctance to using force on him if he became truculent. There were of course enormous tracts of Ethiopia where any stranger, white or Abyssinian, was liable to be murdered on sight. Few travellers penetrated to those regions and those who did were conscious that they were doing something highly dangerous. It was less glamorous to be in danger, as not infrequently happened, of being knocked down by a policeman in the streets of the capital. The Abyssinians were constantly coming to blows ; any direction of traffic was performed with buffeting and whipping ; an arrest invariably involved a fight ; an evening's entertainment often resulted in the discharge of firearms, broken heads and chains for the whole party. It was the normal tenor of Abyssinian life and Europeans, if they came to the country, were expected to share in it. Abyssinians rarely travelled, even within their own boundaries ; the number who had been to Europe was minute. They judged Europeans as they saw them in Ethiopia and what they saw did not impress them. The results aggravated the cause, for only Europeans negligent of their own dignity could maintain any relations with them. The Legations, anxious to preserve their own prestige, dissociated themselves as far as they could from their less reputable nationals, jealous of each other's influence they studiously avoided common action to support the rights that had been guaranteed to foreigners by treaties. The Abyssinians formed their opinion of Western civilization from the deportment of journalists, Press photographers and concession-hunters. The formidable dossier prepared by the Italians of outrages

upon European dignity—partly acts of mob-hooliganism but chiefly of violence by the police—does not so much prove hostility as a sense of equality. They treated visitors rather better than their own people, but not so much better as to make the country agreeable.

Towards Europeans who wished to settle and make money in the country they adopted a less equitable manner. It was illegal for foreigners to own land in Ethiopia, but it was always possible to acquire by purchase temporary concessions for almost any kind of undertaking. The prospector had only to bribe his way into the presence of the responsible official, put down his deposit and lay his finger on any part of the map to receive permission to mine or farm there. It was when he arrived at the chosen place that his difficulties began; he would find his concession was already held under various titles by a dozen rival claimants, native and foreign; he would find labourers impossible to keep in decent discipline; he would find neighbours who pilfered and raided, against whom he could obtain no redress; he would find local officials who evinced scant regard for the documents he had obtained at Addis, and expected substantial sums to tolerate his existence among them; he would find himself taxed and hampered at every stage of his communications, and involved in litigation which ended only in his despair. Addis was always full of more or less undeserving Europeans who had been reduced to destitution by this process. There were a few mills, a brewery, a few plantations, whose white owners continued to struggle for a living; in the North an eminently workable potash concession was reduced to bankruptcy. In other parts of Africa Europeans had found things too easy; here conditions were deliberately made intolerable. The result was that the national resources of the country were unexplored and unexploited even to the extent that the Abyssinians imported tropical products such as sugar rather than adventure themselves into the lowlands where they might be produced or allow more enterprising races to undertake the work for them. Inevitably, the unknown became the focus for legends; frustrated cupidity acted as a spur to imagination, people spoke of vast deposits of gold and platinum, of un-

tapped wells of oil, while the only foreigners, mostly Asiatic and Levantine, to make a living from the country were the traders and small monopolists, and they were in constant embarrassment through the difficulties put in their way by the courts of collecting their debts. Everyone who had any dealings with the Imperial Family—the Indian who took command photographs of the princesses, the Russian who put the electric lighting into the new palace, the dentist, the chef—were kept waiting hopelessly, indefinitely for their money. The rases and officials copied the Emperor. The law courts were conducted with the same policy. Decisions given in favour of foreigners were only after the maximum of delay, if at all, put into execution. Under the capitulations, generally known as the Klobukowski Treaty, special tribunals had been set up to deal with cases between Ethiopians and foreigners in which the respective consuls sat. It was the custom to balance the accounts periodically and pay to whichever party had the larger credit the balance in his country's favour. Shortly after the coronation, under the present régime, the time came to settle the score between the British consul at Addis Ababa and the Ethiopian officials; a large undisputed sum was outstanding in the British favour. The Ethiopian officials maintained that it was irregular for them merely to pay the difference; each side must appear with his full reckoning. Accordingly the British consul arrived with members of the Legation guard bearing in sacks of silver dollars the total sum due. It was counted out in the presence of the Ethiopians—a lengthy process—who then remarked that they had not their money with them; they would take the British dollars and bring theirs next week. The Consul refused and the sacks were carried back to the Legation compound. A week later the Ethiopian judges said that they now had their money ready. The same procedure took place; the Ethiopians again tried to take the money, promising theirs on the next day; again the sacks were carried back under guard. At the third meeting the British Consul said that he proposed to pay by cheque; the Ethiopians agreed, snatched the paper from his hands across the table and, with profuse promises that their money was on the way, left the court satisfied that

they had succeeded in outwitting the foreigner. The Consul stopped the cheque by telephone and from then onwards the special tribunal ceased to sit.

Mildly comic incidents of this kind were of frequent occurrence in the very centre of Haile Selassie's government; prolonged and multiplied all over the country they assumed a more offensive complexion. The Soudanese and Kenya frontiers were kept in a state of expensive vigilance by their turbulent neighbours. But the British were a race whom, on the whole, the Abyssinians liked and respected; the Italians were suspected and despised; they were moreover a people whom recent developments of patriotic ardour, combined with the memory of past humiliations, made particularly sensitive to insult. They were a people whose Colonial aspirations were concentrated in that part of the globe. Great Britain and France with their diffuse interests were not easily to be provoked to an unremunerative war. The Italians were waiting for an opportunity to demonstrate their new virility. The repeated grave annoyances were doubly offensive to them since, by the Treaty of Friendship of 1928, they had every reason to regard themselves as especially privileged.

It was evident, within six years of its having been made, that the Abyssinians had no intention of maintaining the spirit of that treaty. Italy had expected tangible commercial advantages. Her ambitions were clear and, judged by the international morality of America, Japan or any of the League Powers, legitimate. Abyssinia could not claim recognition on equal terms by the civilized nations, and at the same time maintain her barbarous isolation; she must put her natural resources at the disposal of the world; since she was obviously unable to develop them herself, it must be done for her, to their mutual benefit, by a more advanced power. By the 1928 treaty, Italy believed that she had been chosen for this office. Abyssinia required technical advisers for her administration, whom Italy expected to supply; Abyssinia needed additional and cheaper means of access to the sea, which Italy offered through her colonies, granting a free zone in the port of Assab. In all these matters Italian expectations were disappointed. No scope was given for

Italian commercial enterprise. Of the many foreigners engaged by Haile Selassie as advisers and experts only one Italian was chosen and that for a minor post. The new arterial road, which was specifically provided in the 1928 agreement, joining Dessye with Assab, was abandoned and, instead, Haile Selassie concentrated in opening communications with the British territories in Kenya and Somaliland. The construction of a wireless station at Addis Ababa was undertaken by an Italian company, heavily subsidized by the Italian government, but on completion was handed over to the management of a Swede and a Frenchman. A large hospital—the only building of any architectural merit in Addis Ababa—was erected with Italian money, partly voted by the government, partly subscribed by private Italian philanthropists, but pressure was exerted to prevent Abyssinians availing themselves of it. Italian social service throughout the country was suppressed; Ethiopians were forbidden to attend the consulate doctors; even Ethiopian cattle were kept from the Italian vets who were attempting to treat with prophylaxis the cattle-plague that was ravaging the herds of both empires. The Ethiopian government persisted, as it had done for nearly forty years, in evading its promise to demarcate the Italian frontiers. Complaints of illegal imprisonment, injury and murder of Italian subjects accumulated and were left unsatisfied; insults to Italian diplomats and consuls and attacks on their property and servants went unpunished.

Some responsibility for the subsequent disaster must rest with the other European legations at Addis Ababa, who constantly refused to take common action but pursued the old policy of competing for Ethiopian favour in their own small schemes of advantage. It is doubtful whether any warning was given to the Emperor of the change of temper between democratic and fascist Italy; of the claustrophobia, aggravated by the universal economic depression, which now inclined her to welcome rather than shun an appeal to force. Whatever was said was qualified by the assurance that he was covered by the protection of the League and by the ignorant confidence of his army in their ability to defeat the Italians as they had defeated

them before. It was in these circumstances in December, 1934, when Italy had finally despaired of achieving her objects by peaceful means and had already begun to sound the powers tentatively about their attitude to her expansion in Africa; when she was actually in search of a diversion from internal distress, that the Abyssinians chose to attack the military post at Walwal.

It is uncertain how far this piece of folly was directed from Addis Ababa, and how far it was the spontaneous act of the troops on the spot. The committee which examined the evidence at Geneva came to no conclusion. What is certain is that it was not a tribal raid of the kind that was common along that frontier but a serious battle fought by a properly constituted Abyssinian force from the north.

Walwal is a watering place and pasture without regular inhabitants, frequented at various seasons by the tribes of British and Italian Somaliland and the Ethiopian Ogaden. The treaties defining the frontier were mutually contradictory and the ground had never been surveyed, but the place undoubtedly lay in the Ethiopian sphere. Nothing however had been done by the Abyssinian authorities to make their possession in any way effective. By its character it was a natural battleground for tribal warfare, involving peoples under Italian protection and, in the absence of any Abyssinian police post, the Italians had established one there, without protest of any kind, five years before. No attempt was made to conceal its existence and the Anglo-Abyssinian boundary commission who visited it on November 23 must have known what they would find. They arrived at the head of a large force—far in excess of any normal protective escort—which had assembled behind their caravan. Its numbers have been variously estimated; probably there were about 600 Abyssinian soldiers, drawn from the garrisons of the Galla-Somali borders. Realizing that there was going to be trouble, the British commissioners withdrew with their normal escort, leaving this extraordinary force behind to fight it out; there was thus no impartial witness to determine the disputed point of who fired the first shot. Whatever the Italian legal position, they were certainly on the defensive tactically.

The battle took place on December 5 and the Abyssinians were defeated. It was then that they decided to resort to arbitration and the Italians decided to resort to war. There were attempts at ambush on Italian patrols in the Ogaden on December 28 and January 8, and on January 29 an attack in force on the Italian garrison at Afdub ; both sides began to prepare for war on a larger scale ; but while the Abyssinians enlisted European sympathy by a scrupulous regard for the formalities of peaceful negotiation, the Italians boasted from the first that they proposed to fight—in their own time and in the manner which suited them best.

No one except Signor Mussolini knows exactly what form he intended the war to take. There are indications that it was originally planned as a punitive demonstration ; the transport and disembarkation of immense loads of war material were accomplished with great ostentation, but until the autumn of 1935, when hostilities had actually begun, little was done to improve the roads between Massawa and the front line. My own belief—and this is purely personal and conjectural—is that as late as the beginning of summer, 1935, Signor Mussolini had no intention of making war upon a national scale or of attempting the military conquest of the whole Ethiopian Empire. I believe that Italian agents throughout Ethiopia had been sounding the loyalty of the local chiefs, had paid large subsidies to them and had secured a system of treaties and verbal understandings which led them to expect a practically bloodless settlement. It was Signor Mussolini's hope that before Christmas his envoy at Geneva would be able to present the League with evidence of a series of voluntary submissions, and to claim that there had been no act of aggression or conquest—merely an exchange of allegiance by the people themselves ; that all that was necessary to precipitate mass desertions was a demonstration of overwhelming force which would be performed mainly in the air. A few sharp encounters with modern methods of war would bring the Abyssinians to realize their necessarily inferior and dependent station ; they were then to be left as a sovereign State, consisting of Shoa, Amhara, Gojjam and the greater part of Tigre.

Adowa should remain in Italian hands as a monument that the defeat of 1896 had been avenged; the Abyssinian subject-races would be transferred to Italian protectorate. In Addis Ababa the Italian representative should assume a position similar to that of the British High Commissioner in Egypt; the internal order of the country should be taken from the charge of the local magnates and put under a national gendarmerie, officered by Italians; England and France should be allowed to enjoy the same position as they had occupied before except that Signor Mussolini was willing to facilitate the construction of the dam at lake Tsana which had up till then been delayed by the Abyssinians. The neighbouring territories would have been saved much expense and anxiety through the establishment of an orderly rule on their frontiers; the subject peoples would have gained by changing to progressive and comparatively humane masters; the Abyssinians themselves would have preserved the traditional forms of their independence and participated in the profits resulting from the development of their resources.

This view certainly underestimated the duplicity of the Abyssinian rulers with whom Italy had been in contact, and the confidence in their superiority of the Abyssinian troops, but I believe that the misfortunes that have fallen upon both peoples—the slaughter and terror on one side, the crippling expenditure on the other—are primarily due to the policy pursued by the British Government.

The Emperor believed that if he could win the support of the League, there would be decisive action on his behalf; he transmitted this to his simpler subjects in the assertion that England and France were coming to fight against Italy, so that even those who had least love of Abyssinian rule feared to declare themselves against what seemed to be the stronger side.

The Italians, in the face of sanctions and a campaign of peevish and impotent remonstrance in England, felt their national honour to be challenged and their entire national resources committed to what, in its inception, was a minor colonial operation of the kind constantly performed in the recent past by every great power in the world.

At the time of writing* the papers are filled with reports of the death agonies of the Abyssinian people and scholars are demonstrating in the correspondence column their ingenuity in composing Greek epitaphs for them. No one can doubt that an immense amount of avoidable suffering has been caused, and that the ultimate consequences may be of world-wide effect. There is no single villain. Three men have taken a determining part in the events—Signor Mussolini, the Emperor, Haile Selassie, and Mr. Eden, and none is guiltless.

*April, 1936

Has England Failed in Palestine?

By E. M. E. Blyth

THE Arabs in Palestine went on strike on April 19; during May, and later, there were sympathetic strikes of one day or longer in Trans-Jordan and Syria, news of which did not penetrate into the English press. Their significance should not escape us, for though Syria is now under French Mandate, and Trans-Jordan enjoys a form of autonomy under the Palestine Mandate, up to 1917 both they and Palestine were part of the Turkish Empire and the old relationships and ties persist. June 19 was observed as "Palestine Day," in Delhi, Bombay, Lahore, and almost generally throughout India, and in Rangoon. After the usual Friday service, meetings were held in the Mosques, prayers were offered for the Arabs of Palestine, and messages of sympathy despatched, assuring the Arabs that "Moslem India to a man is solid behind you." I quote the statement of a leading Indian Moslem, addressing a meeting in London of some four or five hundred persons; he added that the Hindus were equally sympathetic. Subscriptions to strike funds have been received from Nahhas Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, from the University of El-Azhar at Cairo, which is the most important Moslem religious university in the world, as well as from India, Iraq, Egypt, and the Sudan; and genuine sympathy is freely expressed in Egypt and the Sudan in Moslem circles of importance. Beyond these manifestations of practical sympathy from Moslem and other Arab elements, the Palestinians entirely deny having received any foreign help whatsoever.

The strike was called by Arab nationalist leaders after long protest to the Administration against the high and increasing rate of Jewish immigration, and after due notice had been given and careful preparation made. It was well organised; strike committees operate in every town of importance, as well as scouts and pickets, according to the most approved European methods. Arab landowners have lost heavily throughout on crops and fruit, but they do not care. When reminded of the fact that Arabs have shared to some extent in the material prosperity which the Jews

have brought into Palestine, they reply : " We do not want prosperity as the price of being flooded out of our own land." What they say they mean. The strike is one of the most remarkable movements in Palestine, which under Turkish rule had professional beggars but no unemployment, and where strikes and political agitation were unknown.

The Arabs are not anti-Jewish ; both peoples come of Semitic stock, and under Turkish rule, when the Arabs could have mishandled Jewish life and property pretty freely had they been so minded, both peoples lived amicably side by side. Jews fleeing from persecution in Christian countries found safety and quiet in Palestine. Looking back upon a residence of twenty-seven years in Jerusalem, I can recall no single instance of an Arab interfering with the weekly Wailing of Jews at the Wall.

Neither are the Arabs anti-British at heart, as they are made out to be by certain sections in England ; as an Arab Christian put it to me, " We are against nothing *British*, from the Mandate to the simplest British 'Tommy' ! " For two or three years before the War, the Arabs were saying openly, what they had long been saying secretly for fear of the Turks : " If only England would take over our country from the Turks, and run it as she is running Egypt !" The common Arab saying, " On the word of an Englishman,' was freely used in pre-War days to clinch a bargain as an absolute guarantee of the speaker's honour ; it has no meaning now in Palestine save one of scorn and bitterness. In 1914, the Arabs hid their best clothes " to wear on the day the English come ; " so sure they were of deliverance from Turk and German by the English. Many deserted from the Turkish ranks to join the British ; others suffered imprisonment because they would not fight against us. The frenzy of delight with which the Arabs hailed the entry of British troops into Jerusalem, Es-Salt and other towns, is a matter of history. How is it that after less than twenty years of Mandatory rule in Palestine, England finds the friends and allies of 1914-17 against her, and is forced to hurry forward heavy military reinforcements from Egypt and England ?

Old and experienced British residents in Palestine agree that the root of the present distress is the Arabs' very genuine fear they will be dispossessed of their ancient rights and holdings, and either be squeezed out of Palestine or forced into a position of minority and subservience in a Jewish State. This is inevitable, if Jewish immigration persists year by year at the present rate in a country about the size of Wales, whose frontiers are the desert and the sea. At the end of 1935, the Jews in Palestine were estimated at 375,000, an increase during that year of about 75,000. The number of immigrants for 1935 was the highest in the history of the country—61,854; numbers of emigrants are not known but are thought to have been between 1,000 and 2,000. The first Government Census, taken in 1922, put the Jewish population at 83,790, and the Government Census of 1931 at 174,610; the increase since 1921 is estimated as 16 per cent. excess of births over deaths, and 84 per cent. excess of immigrants over emigrants The figures and countries of origin are interesting:

Poland	29,407	or 53.0	per cent.
Germany	5,464	,, 9.87	,, ,,
Rumania	3,616	,, 6.53	,, ,,
Greece	2,105	,, 3.8	,, ,,
Lithuania	1,977	,, 3.58	,, ,,
U.S.A.	1,662	,, 2.89	,, ,,
Yemen	1,339	,, 2.42	,, ,,
Czecho-Slovakia	1,347	,, 2.43	,, ,,
Latvia	1,003	,, 1.80	,, ,,
Austria	767	,, 1.38	,, ,,
Turkey	755	,, 1.36	,, ,,

These figures are official, being taken from the Menorandum on the Development of the Jewish National Home for 1935, presented to the League of Nations by the Jewish Agency through the High Commissioner for Palestine. Three interesting points are to be noted: (1) There are no Jews from any country within the British Empire; (2) the Jews from Yemen and Turkey, both being Moslem countries and Yemen an Arab State, amount to 2,094 only out of a total of 61,854; (3) the German Jews amount only to 5,464, so

that it is idle to explain the rise in Jewish immigration into Palestine as being due to the persecutions in Germany, or to say that the Jews, as Jews, run any danger from the Moslems and Arabs, as such. It is said that the Jews who enter Palestine without passports number about 1,000 per month, coming by sea or over the Syrian frontier.

As long ago as 1921, Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking as Colonial Secretary in the House of Commons, deliberately stated that " the only cause of unrest in Palestine arose from the Zionist movement, and from our promises and pledges in regard to it." The Shaw Commission of 1930 confirmed his words. Dr. Weissmann has told the world that Zionism aims at achieving by Jewish immigration " such conditions that Palestine should be just as Jewish as America is American and England is English." (*Zionist Political Report No.* 1.) Dr. Gaster, in 1917, declared that the Zionist aim was " to establish in Palestine an autonomous Jewish Commonwealth in the fullest sense of the word ; " and Mr. Zangwill, two years later, professed that he " did not know what ' a Jewish National Home ' meant, if it did not mean ' a Jewish State.' "

Is this also the aim of the Mandatory Power ? Are British troops, British officials, British talent and British money to be employed in Palestine to establish therein a cosmopolitan autonomous Jewish State, against the will of the original inhabitants, who are still 70 per cent. of the total population ? Are the terms of the Mandate open to this interpretation ? Unfortunately, successive British Governments have allowed an impossible situation to arise and to develop, by refusing to face unpleasant realities or lay down their own plain interpretation of the Mandate, which, after all, England has to shoulder and carry through.

The Zionists, in their anxiety to raise the number of the Jewish population quickly to a parity with, and eventual superiority to, the indigenous Arab population, have allowed a politically undesirable element to go into Palestine under their aegis. This element is Communistic in character and conduct ; these settlers observe neither the Sabbath nor the dietary laws, and have no synagogues nor family life as have the orthodox Jews. Do they really fall within the

category of Jew or Zionist? And in what way are they qualified to build up a Jewish National Home in Palestine? But there is now a group of these Socialist-Communal colonies, the Kvutzoth, in Galilee, and a Jewish writer estimates that they comprise one-fifth of the Jewish settlements though not one-fifth of the Jewish population. (*Palestine as It is*, M. J. Landa.)

The Concessions for the development of the water and electrical power of Palestine, and for the exploitation of the vast resources of the Dead Sea, have been leased to two Jews of Russian origin for periods of seventy-seven and seventy-five years respectively. The terms of the Water Concession to Mr. P. Rutenberg (formerly a member of the Kerensky régime) are so wide that Sir Herbert Samuel, the first High Commissioner, was perfectly correct in describing it as " a monopoly covering the whole " of Palestine. Under its terms no other " installation for providing and supplying electric energy (is) to be permitted in Palestine " during these seventy-seven years, nor any concession granted " throughout the whole of Palestine to construct canals, dams, reservoirs, watercourses, pumps, stations, and other works of whatever kind for the development of electrical energy for water-power, and/or to operate overhead lines and underground cables, and/or to construct any power-stations, or to install electric energy for docks, wharves, railways, factories, &c., unless such concession has been first offered to the Rutenberg Company." (*Times*, May 29, 1922.) Such wide powers given over into private hands could paralyse the Administration in an emergency. No Arab capital was invited and no Arab has a share in framing the policy of the companies operating either Concession, though it is known that the wealthy Moslem communities in Egypt and in India were prepared to co-operate.

Press reports of the strike dwell on the activities of Arab " bandits " and other lawless persons, who are terrorising Palestine in such ways and with such weapons as occur to them. The majority of these are the small holders, tenant farmers and peasants who have lost their lands by sale to the Zionists. Some of the land belonged to wealthy non-resident landlords, such as the Sursuk family, who had

lived in Syria or in Egypt for years and let their Palestinian property on long-term leases to Palestinian peasant-farmers and agriculturalists. The Zionists wanted land, especially in Galilee which is the garden of Palestine, and the Arabs needed money to meet their obligations (in many cases incurred during the War years), and for daily requirements ; only the Zionists had money for land purchase. The absentee landlords were not affected by these sales, except pleasantly ; but the Arab lease-holders of small properties found themselves and the land they had lived on for generations suddenly transferred to Jewish ownership, without the option of renewal of tenure. Government oversight should have been exercised here, and extended along the lines of Sir Herbert Samuel's policy in dividing a portion of the Beisan area among Arab tribes which had had for generations the grazing rights over these lands. The Administration should have exercised paternal powers of control or management over the purchase money, through a specially appointed body, in the interests of these Arab small-holders themselves. As it was, the Arabs, being accustomed to live on the soil, producing enough for their simple needs, were quite incapable of handling the purchase money. It was soon gone ; their plots of land and vineyards were gone too ; they had nothing to hope for and nothing to lose ; they knew no other work than what their forefathers had taught them ; they took to brigandage for a living. This explains the rise in crimes of lawlessness, from 11,000 in 1920 to 28,000 in 1928, the latest year for which I have reliable figures ; but evidently the numbers have continued to increase up to the present year. I may say here that though the Arab strikers and others now operating in Palestine are freely called " bandits," they do not rob ; they are desperate men, who kill and who destroy Government property, but they do not loot. Machine guns will not cure unemployment nor the lawlessness of desperate men, who have nothing more to lose and whose seething sense of grievance and injustice renders them an easy prey to foreign propaganda and intrigue.

And both are active in Palestine. The Report of the Commission of Enquiry of 1921, ascribed the outbreak of

the Jaffa Riots (the first of such troubles) to the action of Bolshevik Jewish agents, while exonerating the main body of Jewish colonists from Bolshevist sympathies. Other forms of foreign intrigue are at work, too, often employed through nominally religious institutions. It is unfortunate that the newly established broadcasting system in Palestine has been a means for anti-British propaganda taken from the Italian station at Bari. A Jewish friend told me that when he left Palestine a few weeks before these relays were of frequent occurrence, being given in English, Arabic, Hebrew, Italian and Hindustani—the latter language, of course, being for the benefit of the hundreds of Indian Moslem pilgrims who come on from Mecca to Jerusalem, the second holy city of Islam. Both the *Scotsman* (April 27, 1936) and the *Star* (May 13, 1936) have drawn attention to Italian propaganda in Palestine, which operates through "ecclesiastical channels and cultural institutions like monasteries and schools whose financial resources are supplemented by subsidies from the Fascist State." Thus the *Scotsman*, which continues: "What is perhaps more surprising is the interest which the Italian Government proposes to take in the Zionist question as such. Signor Mussolini not so long ago received most sympathetically the leaders of the Revisionist Zionist Congress under Mr. Jabotinski." The Revisionists are the extreme left-wing Zionists, and Mr. Vladimir Jabotinski is reported to have told the Congress in 1931 that the Jews might become the dynamite which would blow up the British Empire. It is difficult to understand why Signor Mussolini should concern himself about them, whether sympathetically or otherwise. While England's shortcomings are paraded before both Arabs and Jews by interested parties, and passions deliberately excited which cannot be stilled as easily, both sides forget that whoever gains by the Mandate it is not England. The Zionists claim the credit for the good that has been done in Palestine, a point of view which appears to be adopted by a good many people in England whose knowledge of Palestine does not go very far back.

What can be done to end a situation so lamentable for all parties in Palestine, and so damaging to English prestige?

Immigration should cease while the subject is dispassionately reviewed in accordance with the British Government's ruling in 1922, that " immigration cannot be so great in volume as to exceed whatever may be the economic capacity of the country at the time to absorb new arrivals." The Parliamentary Commission of Enquiry, in 1929, endorsed this ruling: " Immigration should be reviewed with the object of preventing a repetition of the excessive immigration of 1925 and 1926;"—which had been followed by a sharp economic crisis, most disturbing and dangerous to the country at large. The total number of Jewish immigrants in 1922 was only 6,341, and in 1925 it had risen to 33,000; the figures for 1935 (61,854) show a surprising increase. The Administration should fix a date for the start of this suspension, to prevent unnecessary hardship to intending Jewish immigrants, who are the pawns of a higher authority. The strike should be called off simultaneously with this announcement, those responsible for its origin and conduct being answerable to the Administration for the good behaviour of their supporters.

The punitive measures of the Administration are excessively severe, and suggest wartime methods in an enemy country rather than dealings with the people of a Mandated territory whose " civil and religious rights " we have undertaken to safeguard. Would justice really suffer through being tempered with mercy? The demolition of houses in Jaffa, whereby some six thousand persons have been rendered homeless, was censured by the Chief Justice in no measured terms. The relief offered by the Administration was at the rate of two piastres (about fivepence) per person per day for seven days. (Cf. " Palestine and Trans-Jordan.") Heavy fines have been imposed upon places at which, or near to which, attacks have been made by Arabs. Hebron, a very poor town, has been fined £2,000; it is reported to be still paying off the fine imposed upon it after the riots of 1929. The fine imposed upon Gaza was decided by the Chief Justice to have been *ultra vires*. The requisitioning of live stock, food and grain stores, in part payment of fines, is universally condemned by English residents and all who know Palestine; it is a cruel punish-

ment, and the soldiers, hitherto deservedly popular amongst the Arabs, have incurred odium through being used to collect these fines. The Administration will have to spend large sums upon winter relief and emergency housing of these impoverished and dispossessed Arabs; and in any case the suffering during the winter, which, though short, is often very severe, will be great.

This article deliberately avoids touching on other aspects of Palestine, its religious and historical weight, its high strategical importance, its wide potentialities for good or ill to all the world; but these must always be borne in mind when considering Palestine at all. The Russian pilgrims of pre-War days, who believed that the exact centre of the world lay in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, were nearer the truth than those who assign to Palestine only a religious or sentimental or antiquarian importance.

Good hopes of peace have been disappointed. The mediation of Emir Abdallah was frustrated apparently by local jealousies, that of Nuri Pasha by the Colonial Secretary's letter to Dr. Weissmann, which the Arabs regard as fresh proof of England's subservience to Jewish pressure. But it is not even yet too late for the Home Government—in whose goodwill the majority of Arabs and Jews still believe—to probe the vexed subject to its root, and by patient and wise enquiry to discover how far valid are the grievances, the wrongs and disabilities under which the Arabs labour, with so keen a sense of injury and injustice that a nation of friends and allies of England is being transformed in less than twenty short years into a nation of potential enemies. England has not yet lost the heart of Palestine: she need not lose it if those who act in her name will but follow the counsel of the greatest of all her Seers, Milton:—

"When complaints are freely heard, deeply considered and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for."

Upon the Government's handling of the people of Palestine to-day depends the answer to the question—"Has England failed in Palestine?"

The Destruction of Georgian London

By Douglas Goldring

WHEN the good Prince Albert entered London for the first time, as Consort to Queen Victoria, he must have been impressed by the wealth and dignity of the capital of his adopted country. For generations the English upper classes had employed architects and artists of outstanding talent to design and decorate their houses. A whole succession of masterpieces of town-planning and domestic architecture, beginning with the works of Sir Christopher Wren and culminating in the newly-completed triumphs of John Nash, contributed to the distinction of a city which, for beauty and agreeableness had, at that time, few rivals. In Regent Street, England, as befitted a nation of shopkeepers, had the finest commercial thoroughfare in the world. Carlton House Terrace and the new terraces in Regent's Park were not only superbly metropolitan but their combination of classical architecture with landscape design gave them a character which was essentially English and which perfectly expressed the taste of the territorial magnates who inhabited them. (It was part of Nash's genius that he realized that Londoners, of all classes, are country people living in a town.)

If there was still much filth and squalor in the more congested parts of the town—a squalor which Dickens was to describe with a horrifying vividness—there were few districts in which the houses of the gentry and the cottages of the poor were not found in close proximity. What is now called " mixed development " had long been accepted as natural and necessary. Even Mayfair had its tiny working class village in and around Shepherd Market. In Hoxton and Shoreditch the splendid Queen Anne houses of the Huguenot master weavers, in Spital Square and the adjoining streets, were but a stone's throw from the tenements of their employees. Although the poorest and most abject classes of the community lived in frightful rookeries, like those of St. Giles and Seven Dials, the clerks, small shopkeepers and tradesmen had far better housing accommoda-

tion than many middle-class professional people have to-day. Even the " lights of love " were installed, by their protectors, in those charming secluded villas in St. John's Wood—the " Grove of the Evangelist "—which now fetch fancy prices. Surrounding the capital, there was a ring of suburban villages—such as Hampstead, Highgate, Chelsea, Clapham, Stoke Newington, Kensington, Hammersmith, and Chiswick—in all of which were exquisite examples of the Georgian house and garden. As, in the central parts of London, there were no very high buildings to shut out light and air from their neighbours and destroy architectural effects, the beauty of Wren's spires, leading up to and culminating in the great dome of St. Paul's, could be admired from a hundred points from which, at present, they are invisible.

From mid-Victorian times until immediately after the War, although London extended its borders in all directions and the London of the guide-books—the London of Herr Baedeker—became surrounded and hemmed in by hundreds of miles of jerry-built streets, much of the Georgian domestic architecture which gave the central districts their " inalienably Londonish " character, still survived. There had been a good deal of destruction of valued buildings, some excusable on the grounds of urban improvement ; some, like the removal of Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate, mere vandalism and a disgrace to the nation which permitted it. But enough remained of our architectural heritage, up till about 1920, for London to be still recognisably London.

It is only in the last sixteen years that a concerted attack has been made by the speculator on buildings which, in Paris, and in most other European capitals, would be classified for preservation. If any intelligent Londoner had been asked, in 1920, what changes and developments he expected to see in the course of the next two decades he would not have been at any loss for a reply. In the first place, after the War, it was obvious that a vast amount of new building, and conversion of existing houses into flats, would have to be put in hand to provide accommodation for the middle classes and, particularly, for the working classes. Had not Mr. Lloyd George promised " homes fit

for heroes?" If re-housing and slum clearance was the most urgent and obvious need, it was assumed also that pre-war schemes for the improvement of London would quickly be undertaken. The victory of Waterloo, a century earlier, had been commemorated by a superb bridge; and this was soon followed by the creation of Regent Street and the laying out of Regent's Park. It was only natural to suppose that, in accordance with precedent, the recent victory would result in a similar effort to carry out, in the capital, much needed public works. Large areas on the South side of the Thames were ripe for clearance and development. The creation, below the County Hall, of a promenade and carriage way by the river side, and the erection of fine modern buildings to face it, was not only desirable from the national standpoint but would quickly pay for itself in increased rateable values. Charing Cross station and railway bridge, it was hoped, would be removed to make way for the urgently necessary road bridge, which, with new and well-planned approach roads, would revolutionize traffic conditions. Again it was assumed that as the finest buildings in London had mercifully escaped serious damage during the War, the long delayed legislation to preserve and classify all buildings of architectural merit and historic interest would be at last proceeded with. It is interesting, if tragic, to contrast the anticipations of 1920 with the realities of 1936.

Some progress has been made, it is true, in the matter of slum clearance, as a result of constant political pressure. But even more rapid, and far more noticeable, has been the destruction by private speculators, by the Department of Crown Lands and by the authority of the House of Commons, of treasured national possessions which no civilised Continental state would have permitted to be sacrificed. The Government led the way, in 1924, by destroying Nash's Regent Street, and with it the prosperity of many long-established businesses. The new street which has taken its place has neither charm nor beauty and has not even the excuse of being a financial success. 4, Carlton Gardens was sacrificed by the same Department, amid a chorus of protest. In 1934 the House of Commons passed a Bill authorizing

the destruction of Adelphi Terrace. Nearly all the great London Squares have been ruined and defaced by individual profit seekers, who have been permitted to pursue their schemes without the slightest consideration for the rights of the community. Mayfair now gives the impression of having been devastated by an aerial bombardment, and hastily rebuilt, without plan or foresight. The Georgian houses, small and great, which have been destroyed have been replaced by hideous blocks of "luxury flats," for stock-brokers and film stars. All the amenities of this quarter, all the imponderable social values which once made it the centre of the fashionable world, have been sacrificed and in their place have been substituted mass-produced barracks for profiteers, and hat shops for their wives. Meanwhile, what of the great public works, the new bridges and roads which were so confidently anticipated, sixteen years ago? They have been discussed, shelved and discussed again. The South side of the river still awaits development. The Charing Cross Scheme is still held up. After endless wrangling, Waterloo Bridge is half-demolished and is to be replaced exclusively at the expense of London rate-payers. The only important new road scheme which has been passed by Parliament—the Hammersmith and Chiswick arterial road—will cause the destruction of Hammersmith and Chiswick malls, which contain some of the best examples of Georgian domestic architecture still left to us, besides cutting through churchyards and school playing fields. The scheme was originated in 1911, and, according to leading traffic authorities, it will be hopelessly out-of-date before it can be completed.

The commercial vandalism and lack of planned development which have been rife all over the country, since the War, aroused so much public dismay during the 'twenties that, after much agitation, the Town and Country Planning Act of 1932 was passed by Parliament and came into force on April 1st, 1933. True, it is a "hamstrung" measure and suffered considerable mutilation during its passage through the House of Commons. Nevertheless, the intentions of its promoters are clear; and it confers on the Town Planning Committees which have been set up in accordance with its

provisions, considerable powers for carrying them out. The object of the Act, as stated in the preamble, is to provide, amongst other things, for " the preservation of buildings and other objects of interest or beauty." In section One, it is laid down that schemes may be made for " preserving existing buildings or other objects of architectural, historic or artistic interest and places of natural interest or beauty " and generally for " protecting existing amenities, whether in urban or rural portions of the area." Under section 17, part one, the town planning authorities " may at any time make an order with respect to any building of special architectural or historic interest . . . directing that without their consent the building shall not be demolished." In addition " the design and external appearance of buildings are controlled under town planning powers."

It is understood that the L.C.C. Town Planning Committee, over which Mr. H. Berry presides, and its " London Development " sub-committee, are engaged in drawing up a comprehensive town planning scheme for the whole area under their control, which will be submitted to Parliament for ratification. In the meantime, licenses are granted, or may be withheld, for what is termed " interim development," each scheme being considered on its merits. One might have thought that, armed with these powers, our Socialist rulers would promptly put a stop to the destruction of " existing amenities," by refusing permits for the erection of unwanted luxury flats in districts which they themselves have " zoned " as areas reserved for houses and gardens not exceeding six to the acre. One might have supposed that they would be eager to prohibit any more destruction of Georgian homes and gardens for the benefit of speculators, often of alien origin. Unfortunately, such hopes and beliefs have proved to be mistaken. Ever since Mr. Berry's committee came into being, section one of the Act has been treated by it as a dead letter. No attempt has been made to preserve the rights of householders, by excluding flats from " zoned " areas. Campden Hill, Chelsea, and, above all, St. John's Wood have all been invaded by flat speculators, whose intrusion seriously damages the value of the surrounding house property. A flagrant case of the indifference of

Mr. Berry's committee to those " existing amenities " it is its duty to preserve, was supplied a year or two ago in St. John's Wood. Mr. Philip Trotter and his wife had purchased a semi-detached Regency villa from the executors of Mr. Festing Jones, the friend and biographer of Samuel Butler, and had spent a considerable sum of money in beautifying the charming house and garden, never imagining that their quiet would be disturbed. Mr. Berry's Committee, however, despite vigorous protests, allowed a syndicate, headed by a Mr. Rudolph Palumbo, to demolish one half of this architectural unit to make way for a block of flats. The Trotter's half of the mutilated building remains as an eloquent testimony to the zeal with which the present L.C.C. carries out its duties to the electors. Some consolation for this outrage may be found in the fact that the house, 120 Maida Vale, W.9, has been made, by its owners, the headquarters of a vigorous campaign to enforce Section One of the Town Planning Act.

There would be some consolation for the destruction of our distinctive Georgian domestic architecture, even for the destruction of Adelphi Terrace, if it served some useful purpose, or if it were economically sound. Adelphi Terrace is one of the finest sites in Europe. It would be admirably fitted for a hospital or for some important public building. The scheme for erecting Charing Cross hospital on the site would have commanded general approval. Unfortunately it was not proceeded with. Although the Terrace is now destroyed, no one yet knows what is to take its place. It may be observed, in passing, that in its immediate neighbourhood there are 1,250,000 square feet of modern office accommodation which has never yet found tenants ; while the building of very expensive luxury flats probably reached saturation point at least three years ago. The number of tenants in a position to pay rents of £400 per annum and upwards, for flats, cannot number more than one, or perhaps one half of one per cent., of the entire population. Of this minority, a considerable proportion would not dream of living in a flat, in any circumstances. There was a brief period when flats were fashionable ; but that has passed. The " best people " in England, from dukes to dustmen, now

show an obstinate preference for houses and gardens of their own, where they may live in peace with their children and their cats and dogs. There is a vast psychological difference between the householder and the luxury flat-dweller—a difference of which London tradesmen have a most acute realisation. The classes of people to whom the showy luxury flat, with its entrance lounge and uniformed porters, chiefly appeal, are highly paid purveyors of popular amusement such as film-stars; stockbrokers; cosmopolitan financiers; and the sort of actress whose rent is paid for her by a wealthy friend. It looks therefore, to anyone who takes the trouble to drive round London observing the monstrous blocks which have already been erected and others which are nearing completion, as if some remnants of Georgian London may at last be preserved, not with Mr. Berry's aid, but by the pressure of economic fact. Supply, in this class of building, has quite clearly long since exceeded the utmost possibilities of demand. When, in due course, the Luxury Flat Bubble bursts, its South Sea predecessor will be made to look silly. For Londoners it is a gloomy reflection that the floods of capital which have been squandered in destroying so much of the beauty and charm of their home town, could, if rightly employed, have provided every public improvement that is overdue, swept away all the slums, and supplied better housing accommodation, not for a handful of rich parasites, but for the great mass of hard-working Londoners who really need it and are prepared to pay for it.

Germany Looks Outwards

By E. D. O'Brien

"We have never been afraid of Bolshevism. But we do not belong to that ridiculous bourgeois clique which dances on the verge of the abyss to the tune of 'Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?'" Thus Herr Hitler at Nuremberg, metaphorically giving the "Greiser salute" in the direction of M. Stalin.

Herr Hitler is undoubtedly not one of those who would "cower under beds with his teeth chattering" but to the apostrophe, "Who's afraid of the Big Bad Soviet Wolf?" the answer equally undoubtedly is—Adolf Hitler.

Unfortunately for Europe every nation appears to be "seeing things," every people appears to have its pet bogey. A year ago, for instance, one felt that Prof. Gilbert Murray hardly liked to sleep without a nightlight for fear of waking up screaming. The nightmare shape which so alarmed the good professor and the valiants of the L.N.U. was a Roman wolf with a nearly bald head, great big eyes and forceful gestures, who was by League standards not only obviously bad but disconcertingly big into the bargain.

And just as Herr Hitler feels that M. Stalin would be better behind bars, so the Russian dictator, observing the marvellous military machine which Germany is building up, raises his clenched fist with nervous truculence and returns the compliment.

In some quarters there is a disposition to see in the Nuremberg attacks on Bolshevism nothing more than a piece of window dressing.

Prices, they say, have hardly risen at all, the harvest has been bad, promised reforms of a radical nature have had to be subordinated to the need to create that confidence in Dr. Schacht abroad which alone can give Germany the raw materials so vitally necessary for rearmament and the consequent internal boom. Therefore, say the pundits, the National Socialist Party is "creating" the Bolshevist bogey in order to divert attention from unpleasant economic facts at home, and a Red threat to German security and the still adolescent Third Reich is in reality a figment of the Nazi imagination. Is this a true picture? I think not. While the

creators of the New Germany have realized that national glory, honour and security constitute pretty fair *Ersatzbrot* in the absence of more solid food, there is something more in their fear of Soviet Russia than mere sound and fury. It is difficult for those in this law-abiding country who have led the sheltered existence of—shall we say, the Duchess of Atholl ?—to appreciate quite what Communism has meant to Germany.

While Britain sees it as occasional rag-tag and bob-tail demonstrations, Germany learnt to recognize it in front of the Spartacist barricades in Berlin or in the blood-stained cellars where the Munich hostages were shot.

Germany may be pardoned if she fails to see a harmless Sir Walter Citrine in M. Stalin or even Major Attlee in Marshal Voroshiloff. Her experience scarcely allows her to take the rather smug British view that it is all just an interesting experience, and after all, after a fortnight under the wing of Intourist we saw nobody starving at all, did we ?

For Germany, the Communist menace remains an internal reality ready to re-emerge at any moment of external difficulty. And the external menace of the vast military machine built up by Russia must always take first place in her thoughts and the shaping of her foreign policy It is only in this light that German diplomacy can be read aright.

If the forthcoming Five Power Conference is not to be just another of those unfortunate gatherings with the characteristics of which we are now all too familiar, the fact that Germany cannot be induced to trust Russia must be clearly recognized.

While it would no doubt be desirable from the Foreign Office point of view that all the European " statesmen " should get together and sign something—anything, in fact, which could be represented as " Another Triumph for Mr. Eden " (what an old world ring that once familiar headline has now !)—the masters of German Foreign Policy are even less inclined than before for such international romps.

If France insists on bringing Russia into the discussions, then the Five Power Conference will be a failure from that moment.

Germany might possibly be induced to join a Western Pact or a reaffirmation of Locarno or whatever it might be called. With the remilitarization of the Rhineland she has got everything she wants in the West ; she covets no French territory and her only grounds for quarrel with France lie in that country's devotion to Soviet Russia and those world causes which her dubious friend so enthusiastically supports. Germany might even be induced to allow such a pact to be extended to her smaller Eastern neighbours including Czecho-Slovakia—though, this is, I think, unlikely. But any question of including Soviet Russia cannot be discussed. Of all the dead post-War pacts and projected pacts, which are mouldering away in the files of the Foreign Offices of Europe, the most dead is the Barthou Eastern Pact.

Even suggestions that Germany might, by one of her sudden reversals of policy, conclude with Czecho-Slovakia an agreement such as the Polish Treaty or the Austro-German Accord, are, I was told, by high officials of the Wilhelmstrasse, likely to founder on this same rock of Russia.

For as long as Czecho-Slovakia entertains Russian military missions, and prepares her aerodromes for Soviet bombers there can be nothing but friction between the two countries. By comparison with the military understanding between Czecho-Slovakia and Russia, the question of the *Sudetendeutschen* is not insoluble according to the elastic standards of Nazi diplomacy. Herr Konrad Henlein's party was not Nazi in origin and is only assuming a Nazi complexion as the result of a highly unwise policy of major and petty persecution by the Czechs. But the Czech aerodromes (some of which are only a matter of minutes in flying time from great German cities) and the close liaison between the Soviet and Czech air forces constitute a menace to Germany which cannot easily be removed by even the most vigorous pact signing.

Germany's eyes then are turned towards the East. German diplomacy may be expected to be increasingly engaged in endeavouring to meet the Russian threat, and, by means of diplomatic and economic penetration of the Balkans such as that which has led to the downfall of M. Titulescu, to neutralize the hostility of Czecho-Slovakia and

the estrangement from Poland due to the Rydz Smigly visit to Paris.

That German diplomacy has been highly successful in the past is obvious. Its technique is excellent. Indeed it is one of the major marvels of the Nazi revolution that Herr Hitler, largely by his own efforts, has made the foreign policy of the nation which has the least natural gift for diplomacy in Europe, so extremely effective.

That this is, in fact, largely due to the Fuehrer himself, professional diplomats, both German and foreign, agree. Herr Hitler appears to have a flair for foreign politics which is uncanny. He knows how and when to strike with the greatest possible effect. The procedure for Herr Hitler's "Saturday afternoon diplomacy" is now becoming traditional. There is the meeting of the inner ring of his advisers at Berchtesgaden or in the Chancellery on a Thursday, at which the decision, already arrived at by the Fuehrer in consultation with Baron von Neurath, Herr von Ribbentrop or Herr Hess, is discussed. Then all through Friday the Wilhelmstrasse drafts and redrafts, cyphers and wires. Finally, after complete secrecy has been preserved, the mine which will alter the diplomatic face of Europe for the next few months or years will be sprung—in plenty of time for the Sunday papers when the world, and particularly the German public, has the leisure to read them.

All this secrecy sometimes demands a little innocent prevarication. Indeed, German diplomats appear to take the aphorism about "lying abroad for their country" fairly seriously. Thus a leading Ambassador in Berlin was able to send a despatch to his home Government four days before the March into the Rhineland stating that he had that day received the most solemn assurances from Baron von Neurath that no such step was contemplated. The present writer was himself informed by a Wilhelmstrasse official with whom he was friendly six hours before the Austro-German pact was officially announced that he could give me his word of honour that any rumours of the existence of such a pact were the purest fiction.

And then the Fuehrer has luck. He could scarcely have dared to hope that the inept intervention of Great Britain

in the Italo-Abyssinian conflict would make him in six months the arbiter of Europe. Luck, however like patriotism is not, in diplomacy, enough. The reason for German success in the foreign political field is to be found rather in the determination with which its aims are pursued and the very formidable armed forces with which it is backed.

Such strokes as German rearmament and the reoccupation of the Rhineland were successful because Herr Hitler could count on the lack of determination on the part of the Powers affected to oppose with arms the steps he had taken. It is not a policy that will invariably be successful. It did not succeed in Austria in 1934 for the very good reason that there the Fuehrer encountered the inflexible determination of the Duce. Signor Mussolini made it quite clear that at the first signs of a German attempt to seize Austria, Italian troops would be over the Brenner. The Fuehrer therefore reined in his warhorse and tried another brand of diplomacy which resulted in the Austro-German accord, signed with the blessing of Signor Mussolini. Whether that blessing will be withdrawn from Herr von Papen's masterstroke in the next few months remains to be seen. The immutables of international relations endure. In the opinion of many European observers only the misdirected efforts of the British Foreign Office can consolidate a junction of forces which was in intention, purely temporary, and in origin, the outcome of Italian pique at Britain's attitude after the Ethiopian war had ended.

A policy of determination, however, can be counted on to be peculiarly successful when dealing with weak Governments and divided peoples such as the French and the British.

Even here there is a point past which demands cannot be forced without running the risk of war. The future peace of Europe depends very largely on Herr Hitler's judgment of where that point lies, and the colonial question, unless it is most delicately handled, might provide just the right sort of spark for an explosion.

That Germany would eventually ask for her former colonies to be returned has been apparent for a long time.

Both from the point of view of obtaining raw materials and prestige they are essential to her. Dr. Schacht confessed in private conversation nearly three months ago that Germany would not merely petition for their return but flatly demand it. Before the Olympic Games Dr. Goebbels decreed an autumn holiday for all Party orators in view of the strenuous work before them—a pointer to the vast propagandist activities now to be undertaken.

There is in this country—and very rightly so—a feeling that the question of Germany's colonies is one which must be most sympathetically treated. There is also a widespread pro-German sentiment based on an appreciation of the unfairness of the Versailles Treaty and admiration for the remarkable efforts by which Germany has achieved her own regeneration.

This feeling is widespread—but it does not go very deep. A return to the old *gaucheries* of German diplomacy, a hint that this country would be best bullied into returning the colonies, and it would vanish in a fortnight. Those English friends of Germany and believers in Anglo-German friendship must make that perfectly clear.

That there is a danger of such a German misunderstanding of British psychology will have been apparent to all who have been in Germany recently and kept their eyes open. Germany desires British friendship. Unfortunately this desire is becoming tempered by a tendency to despise this country. This tendency, which is not yet strong, is the very natural outcome of the ineptitude and the weakness of British foreign policy as revealed in the conflict with Italy. It is the natural reaction of a young and vigorous nation which sees its skies filled with planes and its streets with uniforms, towards a country which, when it wants to send a division of 10,000 men to Palestine, has to take troops off Guard duty at the Tower in order to complete the force. This contempt showed itself to a certain extent in the failure to reply to the British questionnaire and the delay in appointing a new Ambassador.

Just occasionally there is a hint of " You had better be friends with us, because if you are on the other side next time you will get the most infernal hiding." Just occasion-

ally the German attitude towards this country might be summed up in the German saying :

Und willst Du nicht mein Bruder sein
So schlag' ich Dir den Schädel ein.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than that such an attitude should grow, nothing more likely to check its growth than a strongly rearmed Britain.

Germany has few friends on the Left in this country. Her friends here—and they are many—are drawn from the Right and from the non-political section of the population which believes in Germany receiving a fair deal. But Germany should remember that her English friends are nationalist first and pro-German second. It would be a tragedy if Britain were thrust into the ranks of Germany's opponents as the result of a psychological understanding due to a tactless presentation of the German case.

Happily, however, Herr Hitler's new Ambassador, Herr von Ribbentrop, is a good friend of this country. If he can persuade the Fuehrer to tone down the exuberances of his followers there is no reason to suppose that the colonial question need prove an acute source of friction.

Balkan Roundabout

By John Brown

In the Palazzo Littorio in Rome last summer Fascist youth leaders had told me of the coming Italian empire which would embrace Abyssinia, Albania, and Egypt. They had spoken of Albania as being already something of a protectorate, and I remembered that in Sicily I had visited Albanian villages where the leading citizens were district officials of the Fascist Party.

In Cetinje, where the old palace of Prince Nicholas is now a museum, before which Montenegrin unemployed doze away sunny hours, I was told of the growth of Italian influence in Albania. The large Italian Military Mission, for instance, was very different to the British Gendarmerie Mission. The British Mission was composed of ex-army officers, paid by Albania, while the much larger Italian Mission of regular officers was paid from Rome. An Italian officer was attached to each battalion of the Albanian army, while at the machine-gun, bombing, and cadet schools at Tirana, the instructors were all Italians. The Credito Italiano had formed the Albanian National Bank of Issue and Credit, which was the Albanian Treasury. This Bank of Issue has its headquarters in Rome, and there is a majority of Italians on the directorate. I would also find Italian engineers and officers everywhere in Albania, I was assured.

Crossing Lake Scutari on a fishing smack, I thought of all I had ever heard about Albania. I recalled the offer of the crown to various Englishmen before Ahmed Zogu's seizure of power, and the Press stories of applications for the throne from distinguished British army and navy officers and—best of all—the application of a lady teacher of classical dancing! Odd articles in the magazines had portrayed the new State as the most Ruritanian of the Balkan kingdoms, with savage armed clansmen in the mountain villages, bandits in the passes, and warring factions in the towns.

In Scutari, which was for long the seat of Turkish government, and is a typically Turkish town, I found language and money difficulties much less than I had

expected. In the main streets were money-changers with little piles of coins before them on wooden trays. It is a penal offence to take gold out of Albania, and I saw English sovereigns next to the gold napoleons that are minted in Rome for the Tirana government. All kinds of money were accepted in the shops, while language troubles are eased by the fact that many Albanians have lived abroad or served in foreign armies.

Outside Scutari I saw a police post, where the clansmen leave their weapons before entering the town, but found that this was one of the practices which have misled the casual observer in the past. Actually King Zog's aim to disarm the population has been largely achieved, and the reason that the mountaineers and northern tribes are not interfered with is the necessity for a frontier force to guard against possible attacks from Yugo-Slavia.

In the mountain villages of the north I was well received by the *malissori* chiefs, who preserve many of their old customs. The blood feud is dying out, and will no doubt vanish with the coming of good roads and efficient local administration. The hospitality rule survives, full protection and care for a stranger being held a sacred duty, once decided on. I formed a high opinion of the hawk-faced mountaineers, whose main purpose in life is the maintenance of unblemished honour. Women are not held in much esteem, and live in what feminists would call a state of subjection.

The mountaineers had no high opinion of the Italians, who occupied the country during the War, and I heard descriptions of how their garrison had been driven from Valona by the national irregulars. Englishmen are very popular, as the British organization of the gendarmerie, the main buttress of King Zog, has gained the admiration of the people, while the work for Albania of such men as Colonel Herbert, Sir Harry Eyres, and Colonel Stirling will be long remembered.

Banditry has been practically suppressed, although it is occasionally necessary to telephone the next gendarmerie post when setting out on a night journey in the remoter districts.

Further south on the road to Alessio I found the same dislike of the Italians that had characterized the Scutari business folk and the *malissori*. Indeed, this feeling is general in Albania to-day, and national feeling is stronger than ever. The general attitude of the educated class is that there is something to be gained from Italy, but all attempts to interfere with independence must be resisted. King Zog's acceptance of Italian aid was ascribed to his need for a counter against Yugo-Slavia. The king himself is well liked, but in view of his stormy career and the survival of feuds, rumours that the Queen Mother cooks his food herself are not surprising.

Everywhere except in the mountains I heard demands for economic development. Certainly there is great mineral wealth in the Accursed Mountains, and the country itself is fertile enough. Absence of good roads is the chief drawback. But the beginnings of daily 'bus services are visible, and a German company is now investigating transport possibilities.

Albanians are perhaps unique among the Balkan peoples in possessing a general spirit of tolerance. There is no bad blood between Catholics and Moslems, and at national demonstrations leaders of both religions have appeared on the platform together.

Yugo-Slav and Greek propaganda in Albania appears to have ceased for the time being, and there have been no incidents on the Montenegrin frontier during the last few months. In Macedonia also I found that comparative quiet had been restored following the (alleged) liquidation of I.M.R.O. It is no doubt true that those of the old revolutionary leaders who were not killed in the internecine strife are now in Turkey or Bulgaria, but there was no lack of people willing to comment on the raids. Macedonians are rather proud of the way their country keeps in the news, but regret for the absence of the bands will be tempered by the big grants the Belgrade government is making for new roads and bridges and general development of the region.

In Belgrade officials and politicians assured me that there was no Macedonian problem. And no Montenegrin problem. And no Croat problem. The Belgrade Ministries

are consistent in maintaining this attitude, acting on the old Serbian principle that the visitor probably knows no better. At the same time, it is true that there is a temporary lull on all fronts. But it would be wrong to think that all is quiet in the Balkans—that would indeed be news.

Yugo-Slavia maintains her War gains with a very large and well-equipped army, and Belgrade was full of officers just returned from the biggest manoeuvres held since the War. I gate-crashed the Kalemegdan fortress—once the Turkish citadel—without difficulty, but found the army officers as uncommunicative as in the west.

If Belgrade army officers would not talk, however, those of Sofia more than made up for them. My arrival coincided with another unsuccessful revolution. Colonel Veltcheff, assisted by ex-Premier Gheorgieff, some Macedonian politicians, and members of the Zveno Club—an officers' organization—had planned to arrest King Boris and set up a republic. All newspapers were subjected to strict censorship, and there had been scores of arrests. All public buildings were guarded by armed sentries, and cavalry patrols rode about the streets. Martial law was proclaimed, but no one seemed greatly dismayed. In the cafés the officers, who are apparently nearly all interested in politics, spoke freely on the situation. There had been an alliance between some of the military groups and the agrarians, who are very democratic, and the resulting conspiracy had been the prelude to Veltcheff's attempt.

Among the best-informed people in Sofia were several ex-Russian White Guard chiefs, who are employed in the bureaucracy, and still cherish hopes of a return to Russia.

Afterwards, living in the villages of the Stara-Planina Mountains, I heard farmers grumbling about the continual meddling of the officers with politics, which they declared would antagonize foreign capitalists. Agricultural stations were springing up everywhere, as strenuous efforts are being made to transform the country's economy so that there will no longer be the dependence on world cereal prices that caused havoc a few years ago. Vegetable and fruit production has increased enormously since 1931, and the government hopes to concentrate grain production in selected

areas. In Karlovo, the centre of the rose country, growers told me that they had not been so hard hit as I imagined. Production is still very considerable, mostly for the Paris scent manufacturers, and although there has been a heavy fall in the price of the oil, many thousands of Bulgarian workers are still employed in this industry.

One result of the world slump has been to raise the standard of living in certain parts of Bulgaria. It has happened in this way. The fall in prices made it uneconomic to send certain products to market from the villages, and they were consumed by the peasants. Then the absence of currency encouraged the organization of a barter system. Now, when the withholding of goods from the market should automatically mean raised prices and a restoration to normal conditions, the peasants are refusing to reduce the new living standard. I found this to be also true of parts of Hungary, although the complete absence of manufactured goods in many villages must not be forgotten.

Although Bulgaria was defeated in the War, and Roumania was very fortunate at the Peace Conference, a visitor might well imagine that the opposite had occurred. For while Bulgaria is slowly building up a stable economy, in spite of political storms in the capital, many parts of Roumania do not seem to have progressed since the War. In the Dobrudja, where there is a very large Bulgarian population, a good deal of money has been spent, and conditions are much improved, while the capital is an imposing modern city. But it is in Bessarabia that maladministration is most obvious. This province was torn from the Soviets during the War, and on maps I saw in Moscow government offices the U.S.S.R. was always coloured red, Bessarabia red with white stripes, and Roumania white. Communist propagandists are punished with draconic severity, and intercourse with Russia is practically non-existent, although the new barter agreement will improve the atmosphere.

Many Russians in Kishinev have never seen their relatives on the other side of the river Dniester since 1917. Assisted by the continual hue and cry after everything smacking of Russian influence, the propaganda of the Fascist Iron Guards is having great effect, and I saw a good

deal of Jew-baiting, even in Bucharest, where Jewish lawyers were beaten up at the Law Council elections. Codreanu, the Iron Guard chief, who first came into prominence through killing a policeman, has attracted around himself the usual squads of thugs, ex-criminals, adventurers, and students disinclined for work. Iron Guard foreign policy includes the smashing of the Little Entente and a close economic alliance with Germany. Until recently few responsible people in Roumania took the movement seriously, but the slogans of "Down with the Bucharest grafters" and "Perish the Jew" seem to be spreading everywhere. There are rumours of Berlin subsidies, and members wear swastika badges.

There is certainly plenty of combustible material in the Balkans—enough to start several big fires. Perhaps the greatest force making for peace is the influence in the villages of men who have seen a great deal of war. The trouble is that the voice of the peasant is rarely the voice of the man in the uniform or the frock coat.

From a Garden Seat

By C. H. Middleton

My garden seat has been very much in evidence during August, because, being left to my own resources for once, I decided to try a gardening holiday, not exactly a " busman's holiday," but a real rest. After all, mine is a comfortable little garden, and rarely do I get an opportunity to enjoy it for more than an hour or so, and the more I saw and smelt the roaring procession of cars making for the sea, and the stream of cyclists, with their heads bent low, and their coat tails flying, and the more I pictured the crowded beach, shimmering in the glare of the sun, the louder became the call of the garden, until I decided to stay there, to enjoy a good book or two in the company of my beloved roses, perhaps to work or play a little, when the spirit moved me so to do, to forget the clock, and be absolutely free from the daily grind, and the restraining hand of convention.

I daresay most of my readers can conjure up a picture of some old world garden, you know the kind I mean—old ivy-covered walls and mossy steps, overgrown bushes of lilac and mock orange, and tangled masses of honeysuckle and clematis ; perhaps an old apple tree in the middle of the lawn, with mossy branches and a seat under it : the whole garden fragrant with the scent of lavender, pinks, and mignonette, where yesterdays and to-morrows have but little significance ; such is the kind of garden I had in mind when I made mine in a London suburb ; it is not really grown up yet, but it is rather nice, mostly lawn and flower borders, with a few good trees about to break the monotony, and most of the popular flowers are there in reasonable numbers. The grass is green and the roses bright and cheerful, but nothing is too tidy or carefully groomed. I have no beds of scarlet geraniums, no formal terraces or statues : just a " penn'orth of mixed "—a peaceful easy-going sort of garden. In one corner I built what I call my scented bower. I had in mind the days when I might get the old age pension, and thought it would make a pleasant spot for reminiscences. It is a kind of rustic arbour, with

a spacious seat underneath, and it is covered with white jasmine honeysuckle, and old-fashioned roses. Round about it I have lavender, lilies, stocks, and all the scented flowers I can gather together, and on a summer evening it is one of the sweetest spots on earth. During the past fortnight I have spent many happy hours on that old seat, inhaling the breath of summer flowers. The birds have come to know me and are not afraid. I keep a supply of bread crumbs handy and they gather round for the feast. The starlings waddle about the lawn, and approach cautiously, as though they are still a little suspicious, but willing to accept a tit bit if I will throw it to them at a safe distance. But they rarely get it, for whenever I throw them a morsel a nimble sparrow pops in like lightning and takes it from under their very noses, leaving them wondering. Then they sit and chatter and argue about it in the honeysuckle, above me. This has its disadvantages, but I wear old clothes, and am always careful how I look up at them, so it doesn't matter much. The tamest of all my feathered friends is a cock robin, who sits on the seat beside me, and even on my knee. He is not a vegetarian, and scorns bread crumbs, but has a great fancy for bits of bacon rind which I keep specially for him. He doesn't take the slightest notice of the sparrows and starlings, but the moment another robin appears on the scene there is a terrible hullabaloo and he is quickly sent about his business. There was a family of them born and bred in the garden in the Spring, so it may be his brothers who call to see him, or possibly his own children, but it makes no difference, out they have to go. The robin and the sparrows agree very well, and I have had them both on the seat together, but never two robins.

I suppose I ought to mention my jobbing gardener, a delightful old patriarch called Henry. He usually comes to me once a week, but during the holidays I arranged for him to come every day, because I have a theory that the luxury of idleness is never complete unless you can watch someone else working. So, as the house needed painting, I also decided to have this done, with the same end in view. Henry is not particularly active: there is rather a lot of him, and he doesn't bend as easily as he used to. When he

does have to stoop it is rather a painful process, and there is a considerable amount of groaning about it, so I let him get on with the stand up jobs such as clipping and mowing, which he does remarkably well, at his own quiet pace, and with frequent pauses to attend to his toilet. He usually disagrees with all my gardening theories, except one, I just whisper the magic words " what about a drink, Henry," and he drops his shears at once and waddles off to the Red Lion for a couple of quart bottles. Then we call the painters down, and the daily ritual is observed with due ceremony. Henry usually sits on his barrow and talks politics. I don't quite know what his political persuasions are, I don't think he knows himself; his political horizon is somewhat limited, but he has some very original opinions, and a forceful and interesting way of expressing them. Later on the good lady who looks after me brings out the tea things, and we all down tools for another social half hour. And so it goes on. At first I thought I might soon get tired of it, but not a bit of it, the less I do the lazier I get, and the more I enjoy it. I intended one day to go to Lords and watch the cricket, but the day was hot, and the jasmine and honeysuckle seemed extra sweet. It seemed a pity to leave it all to mingle with a sweating crowd, so I read about it instead. I have fixed a loud speaker in the garden, which annoys Henry intensely, so it is not overworked. Sometimes a friend looks in and we discuss matters over a bottle of something or other. Perhaps we wander round the garden and gather a bunch of roses or sweet peas, and then proceed to the club for a game of bowls, and back to the garden again as the twilight falls, and the blackbird sings his vesper hymn from the top of my wireless pole. And then to bed with the windows wide open and the breath of jasmine and honeysuckle as a sweet sleeping draught. It is interesting to note how a holiday of this kind improves one's knowledge of the various flowers; they seem to become intimate friends, each with its own individual characteristics. I had never noticed before the marked differences one finds in flowers of the same variety. I planted six Auratum lilies in the spring, and no two of them are exactly alike, some are taller than others, or earlier, and the spots and markings in the flowers

vary to a remarkable degree; so does the scent, some are much sweeter than others, which reminds me of something else: if you want to experience the real joy of scented flowers you must sit among them in the late evening, or even in the dead of night, for that is when they give of their best. I have several times sat on my seat till midnight, loth to leave the scented air. Tobacco flowers, night scented stocks, ordinary stocks, jasmine, lilies, roses, and a dozen others all blending together in a delightful potpourri of fragrance. I am quite sure no scent bottle ever held anything so sweet as the perfume of these simple summer flowers. Apart from the well known scented flowers I have discovered several others whose evening scent is new to me. Verbenas, for instance; I have a patch of them in the border which are delightfully fragrant. The antirrhinums, too, have a soft and subtle perfume which is not often noticed. Several times lately, during the early evening, I have caught a whiff of a sweet, but rather elusive, scent which I could not locate until the bees led me to it. It was the silvery grey echinops, which has a peculiarly fascinating fragrance; not strong, but strong enough to attract the bees and butterflues to it from morn till night as long as the sun shines on it. These insects are very discerning, and know instinctively where the best nectar is to be found. No one can deny the sweetness of honeysuckle, but I have never seen either bee or butterfly go to it; but the flowers of the purple buddlea, whose scent is scarcely noticeable to the human nose, usually provides a happy hunting ground, especially for butterflies of every kind, which are most entertaining to watch as they flit and flirt among the blossoms. My holiday is nearly over now, but I have no regrets. Soon I must be back in the hurly-burly, but I am refreshed and ready for it. I have learned to know and to love my garden better than ever before. Among the roses and the robins I have found a perfect rest for body and soul, which no amount of excitement could have brought me, and the cost has been practically nothing. For a fortnight I have not worn a collar, I have entered neither train nor 'bus, my car is silent in the garage, I have not greased and washed it as I solemnly resolved to do, but never mind, I feel better.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE past month has not been at all a good one for the Left Wing, and were the general situation not so serious one would be tempted to laugh at the embarrassments of our opponents. The liberty, equality, and fraternity which exist in Soviet Russia have for years been their favourite theme, and now, like a bolt from the blue, comes the news that their old friend Stalin has shot their older friend Zinovieff and his associates. As if this were not enough, there was a farcical trial, in which not even *The New Statesman* could bring itself to believe. It is all most awkward, and the Popular Front in Eccleston Square and Bloomsbury must be wishing that the Russian dictator would confine his persecution to British engineers, whom it is not in their tradition to defend.

To cap it all, there is the news from Spain. Hardly had the motley crowd of League of Nations enthusiasts, pacifists, and sentimentalists agreed to perpetuate the fiction that the Madrid government was a Liberal and democratic body, than the latter was compelled to make way for an avowedly extremist administration. In marked contrast are the rank and file of the Trade Unions who have shown their British commonsense by refusing to part with hard-earned money for their " Spanish comrades." Events in Russia and Spain, following hard on the flight of Haile Selassie, will not have been in vain if they make that section of British opinion which prefers any country to its own realize the type of alien it usually supports.

The Problem of Neutrality

WHAT is serious is the complete failure of even responsible leaders on the Left to realize the danger of the courses they are advocating. The world is threatened with a war of political religion in which quarter will neither be given nor asked, and which may well prove to be the death-knell of Western civilization. Great Britain is neither Marxist nor Fascist, and there is no obligation, legal or moral, for her to become involved in the struggle. All she

has to do is to consult her own interests, and to use her influence on the side of law and order. Yet, as in the case of the Italo-Abyssinian conflict, the champions of the Popular Front are clamouring for the adoption of a policy which must entail the sacrifice of British lives, and might well mean the collapse of the British Empire.

In these circumstances it is essential that this problem of neutrality must be faced, for it will, given the state of the world, keep on appearing. It is not enough to stop the export of men and munitions: attempts to inflame public opinion must be suppressed also. No doubt there is a minority which would resent this, but we cannot afford to be dragged into war by a minority, and one that has no intention of doing any fighting. There are many people who, if they consulted their hearts alone, would like to see British soldiers fighting alongside the gallant legionaries of General Franco, but they realize that this is impossible in view of the national interests, and so they keep quiet. The Left must take the same line, and if it will not do so voluntarily, then some form of compulsion will have to be applied.

Some Misrepresentations

PROPAGANDA on behalf of the Madrid Government has been extremely active, and one of the *canards* which has been most industriously circulated is that General Franco has promised to cede Ceuta to Italy. As soon as the General heard this rumour was going round, he gave his representative in London authority to deny the statement, and the latter at once got into touch with the Prime Minister on the subject. Later, the Marqués de Merry del Val, who was Ambassador in England for so many years during the Monarchy, came to London, and went to the Foreign Office expressly to contradict the story. It may be added that not only has there never been any question of a cession of territory, but that neither Italy nor Germany has raised the matter in return for their aid.

Every effort has also been made to rouse public opinion against the Right in respect of the employment of the Foreign Legion in Spain, and the *Times* has referred to the

mercenary troops of General Franco. It is a little difficult to understand what is meant by mercenaries. If this means the paid troops, then the regular army of every country is mercenary. If it refers to the Foreign Legion because of its name, this force belongs to the regular army of Spain, and, unlike the French Foreign Legion, consists of less than 8 per cent. of foreigners. Indeed, the only thing " foreign " about the Legion is its name.

It is also being stated that the British Government would prefer a Soviet Spain to a Spain under a stable Government of the Right, and that a policy with this end in view is being pursued by Whitehall. It is, of course, unbelievable that such can be the case, but it cannot be denied that the rumour is believed in many anti-Red circles, and is having the worst possible effect. It is to be hoped that without departing from its declared neutrality the British Government will see its way to remove such misconceptions.

The Spanish Civil War

It is every day becoming clearer that General Franco's blow was only struck just in time to prevent a Communist *coup d'état*. Documents have been obtained which make it quite clear what was intended. The whole mechanism of the State was to be seized by the extremists, and when the signal was given for the beginning of the movement the pretence was to be made that there had been a Fascist attack on the headquarters of the *Confederación Nacional de Trabajo*. Largo Caballero, who is now at the head of the Spanish Government, had been indicated since May as the prospective head of the Spanish Soviet.

Those well-meaning people who have been shocked by the shooting of armed revolutionaries in Badajoz, Irun, and elsewhere would do well to note that prominent among the instructions in the captured documents are such phrases as " execution of those appearing on the black lists," and " the orders are for the immediate execution of all anti-revolutionaries." The hope of French help figures conspicuously, while the active assistance of Russian Communists is clearly proved. One can understand if British Com-

munists remain unperturbed by these revelations, but the attitude of the Labour Party and, still more, of Liberals is not so easy to fathom.

What is astonishing is not that General Franco acted so soon, but that he waited so long. For months the Government had been powerless before the extremists, and anarchy was rampant. It was the brutal murder by the police themselves of Señor Calvo Sotelo that precipitated the conflict. If ever men were justified in taking up arms they were General Franco and his comrades.

The State of France

WHILE civil war is patent in Spain, it is latent in France. The whole country is becoming disorganized, and there is a feeling of uncertainty bordering on panic. In several instances prominent Frenchmen have already arranged for their families to take refuge in England when the storm breaks. In the meantime, there is a distressing lack of co-ordination on the Right. The *Croix de Feu*, in its original form, did not fulfil expectations, and the most promising anti-revolutionary grouping is the *Parti Populaire Français*, led by the ex-Communist, M. Doriot. This new movement, however, will take some time to get into its stride, and in the interval the situation is going from bad to worse.

The financial outlook is particularly ominous. The issue of "baby bonds," upon which the Blum Government set such extravagant hopes, proved a failure, and brought in less than half of the money required. During the first six months of the present year wholesale prices rose over 5 per cent., and since the end of June they have risen a further 4½ per cent.: the significance of this will be appreciated when it is remembered that during the same period the rise in Great Britain was 2 per cent., and in the United States, in spite of the drought, less than 1 per cent. "You make good politics, and I will make good finance," said Baron Louis to his King, and the observation still holds true. A bad financial position does not prevent a war, as has been proved on many an occasion, but it may easily provoke a revolution, particularly in France.

Danubian Politics

WHETHER the disappearance of MM. Titulesco and Gömbös from the control of their respective countries proves to be temporary or permanent, it is bound to have an important effect upon the politics of the Succession States. The Rumanian statesman has not for some time seen eye to eye with King Carol, either with regard to a Habsburg restoration or to the Rumanian attitude towards France and the other Powers of the Little Entente. Whether his dismissal will render the chances of the Archduke Otto any more hopeful remains to be seen, but it is almost certain to have a disintegrating effect on the Little Entente. It means that Rumania will adopt a less definite attitude between Paris and Berlin, and consequently the rift in the Little Entente lute will be widened. This may also seal the fate of Czecho-Slovakia.

As for M. Gömbös, his withdrawal will be regretted only by the camarilla which surrounded him. He has for years been the evil genius of Admiral Horthy, though the latter's own policy has been more than a little equivocal. For a decade past it has been the police of M. Gömbös who have stifled the expression of public opinion in Hungary, particularly where the Habsburgs were concerned, and a strong Monarchist revival now would not be unexpected. However sympathetic one may be towards Hungarian claims, it is impossible to deny that these have been greatly exaggerated, and for this M. Gömbös has been primarily responsible. The future of Hungary will be brighter without him.

The Russian Terror

THE old adage that revolutions devour their own children has never been better exemplified than in Russia during the past few weeks, and, much as one may dislike Stalin's methods, it is impossible to feel any sympathy with his victims, who themselves committed every sort of atrocity in their time. One wonders how strong a *régime* can really be that needs to support itself by such methods, and it is interesting to notice that doubts are already being expressed in France as to the value of an alliance with a Power which

has recourse to violence of this nature to support its authority over its own people.

However this may be, Stalin is now practically the only prominent Bolshevist left in Russia, and if he dies, or is murdered, it is not easy to see how the Communist *régime* can be continued in its present form. What would appear very probable is that in that event power would be seized by the Army, and that in due course Russia would become a purely military despotism, probably along lines closely approximating to German National Socialism. There would be nothing new in this, for the history of the French Revolution proves that in such cases the successful revolutionaries make away with one another until only one of them is left, and then the military assume control.

It is clear that Stalin pays not the slightest attention to public opinion abroad, or he would never have disposed of his enemies in so public a manner. Whether this is proof of his strength or of his weakness is another matter, and there is not enough evidence to form a judgment.

The Egyptian Treaty

THE National Government is almost as adroit as Herr Hitler at presenting a *fait accompli* when the man-in-the-street is thinking of other matters, and so is the less prepared to react quickly against what has been settled behind his back. The Russian credit was a recent instance of these tactics, and now we have the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty. It is to be hoped that when Parliament re-assembles this agreement will be subject to the closest scrutiny from several points of view.

The military clauses certainly require explanation. For instance, are there the necessary facilities for housing and training the British troops in the Canal zone? Competent authorities have said that these do not exist, and the matter should be elucidated. Then again, what is to happen if foreign nationals are murdered in Cairo, and a Socialist Government in London refuses to move the troops there from the Canal? Other Powers would intervene, and once in Egypt for legitimate reasons they would not easily be

persuaded to leave. At present British soldiers are on the spot, and automatically repress disorders before they have assumed dangerous proportions.

Above all, it is not easy to see how Egypt is going to benefit by becoming a member of the League of Nations. Whatever may be the theory, the fact is that Egyptian independence rests upon the armed might of the British Empire, and the Treaty in no way alters this. If Great Britain cannot defend Egypt, the latter's membership of the League will avail her no more than membership of the same organization helped Abyssinia. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that this arrangement is merely a concession to the League extremists, which may prove most dangerous in the future.

Fascist Economics

So much has been written of late on Italian foreign policy that sight has been lost of the progress of the Corporate State ; yet developments are taking place in Italy which are of far more than local importance. During the past few weeks there have been many fresh labour agreements, partly because the previous ones had expired, and partly because of the rise in the cost of living. In particular new agreements have been made regulating rates for piecework, and also dealing with the workers' right for paid holidays, compensation for dismissal, and sick leave.

It is to be noted that the forty-hour week is now the rule in all industries, and the overtime hitherto allowed in munition works in view of the war in Abyssinia has been limited since August 1st to 20 hours per week, and after October 1st it will cease altogether except in emergencies. When some two years ago the forty-hour week was introduced, the occupational unions concerned established a family allowance fund to offset in the cases of large families the loss of pay consequent on shorter hours. This has worked very well, and it has now been put on a permanent footing. The allowance for the present is fixed at 4 lire per week for each child under 14. The cost is calculated at 344 million lire per annum, of which 86 millions are met by

contributions from workers at the rate of 1 per cent. levied on the forty-hour week wage, 215 millions by contributions from employers at the rate of 2½ per cent. of the wages paid, and the remaining 43 millions are a contribution from the Government.

Labour Conditions

ONE example may be quoted from the metal and engineering trades which throws much light on the labour conditions. Should the average hourly pay received by piece-workers engaged on a given line of work decline as a whole during two fortnightly periods, as compared to the previous four month average, the worker's union has a right to call the matter to the attention of the employer's union, and should it be shown that the reduction is due neither to the workers nor to cases of *force majeure*, the amount of the loss which the workers are entitled to recover must be settled by agreement between the two unions, and the firm must take the requisite steps to prevent the recurrence of such loss. Should an agreed settlement not be reached, the dispute is dealt with by the guild conciliation board, and in the last resort by the Labour Courts.

All firms have the right to pay their workers either by time or piece rates as the needs of the business may demand, but a change from piece to time rates on a given job, which does not also entail changed conditions of work or of individual yield, must not result in a reduction in pay. Workers are entitled to three months' sick leave, at the end of which, should they be unable to resume work, they are entitled to the usual compensation due for dismissal not entailed by negligence. The latest agreement also specifies the period of leave to which women workers are entitled before and after confinement, and the conditions regulating the right to annual paid holidays. Foreign pre-occupations have not held up the development of the Corporate State.

Fall Idyll

By Stephen Fox

ABNER MERRILL strode heavily along the path through the woods. His mind was closed to the blazing of the autumn trees, as Abner's mind was usually fixed on the object of his labour, rather than on its incidents. And Abner had much to think about on that fall day.

For Abner had come to the most important decision of his twenty-two years. He was a cautious man, a farmer with his living to make, and not one to make up his mind in a hurry. In the great matter of his marriage, he had pondered, and weighed, and reckoned, all through the summer, discarding Amy Ross, his first selection, because of her widowed mother, and Miriam Seely because, at the highly marriageable age of fifteen, she was too small to do the work of a farmer's wife, and Molly Berrin because, though rich in the possession of forty good acres, she was noted throughout Southern Arkansas for her bad temper. And that left only Lucy Green, and Lucy, by elimination, became his choice, and Abner was on his way to tell her so.

And so the trees flamed with scarlet and bronze in vain. It was a warm day for October, and the sky lowered with a promise of rain. Seen through the trees which covered its banks, the gray-green lake winked and sparkled. But Abner saw only Lucy Green as he had last seen her, at her brother's wedding in May. She had been very gay, laughing and talking with the other women, and very properly avoiding the men. She was a little thing, hardly reaching to Abner's lean shoulder, but sturdy, and seemingly strong and willing. Abner frowned at her gaiety, until he reflected that all women were forever singing and such while they were young. Children would steady her, he thought, and liked the picture. When she was too old to help much with the plowing and harvesting, her children would be there to work, while she busied herself with the house, and maybe a garden of vegetables. Yes, thought Abner, she must grow vegetables, since he was of rich tastes, and tired of turnip-greens. Abner was pleased with the fact that Lucy's parents had had eight sons. With eight strong boys of his

own, he could clear many more acres of his land, and become prosperous indeed.

Nor did any thought of being refused enter his head. In Arkansas, girls did not refuse to marry steady young men, with a good house, and plenty of land to it, and if they did, their parents had a word to say in the matter. Besides, on the rare occasions when it had occurred to him to think about it, Abner had been very satisfied with his appearance.

So it was with complete confidence that he entered the clearing round Green's place, and made his way towards the long, narrow log house, which seemed to grow out of the ground as naturally as the rocks behind it rose out of the lake. The clearing was full of the thud of axes on wood, and he saw Frank Green and two of his sons, hard at work. A column of smoke rose at the far end of the cabin, and Abner walked towards it, surmising that he would find Lucy there. She was bending over a tub, rinsing and wringing a pile of washing. She was too absorbed to notice his approach, and his only welcome was from a lean and battered old cat, that rubbed its torn ears against his legs. Lucy was hot and red-faced, working her strong arms and hands in a manner that drew Abner's approval. He leaned against the intersecting logs at the angle of the cabin, watching her closely. Her thick yellow hair was piled up, showing the tanned skin of her neck. The sleeves of her shapeless, faded red dress were rolled high above her elbows, and her arms bore the scratches and scars of much work. Her bare feet pattered over the well-beaten earth in a way that proved them little used to shoes. Yet Abner remembered that she possessed shoes, and was not afraid that she would disgrace him if she went to town. Soon her rinsing was done, and she tipped the water out of the tub, and carried the clothing down to a line of rocks that stood in the sunlight. She carefully spread each garment, utilising every inch of clean space. When she had finished, she stood for a moment, gazing down the long reach of the lake, where two of her youngest brothers were fishing. Abner liked the way she stood, so firm, with one arm shielding her eyes from the sun. Then she turned, and saw him.

"Abner Merrill!" she exclaimed. "Well now! How long've you been here?"

"I just came," he said. "H'are you, Lucy?"

"Just fine," she answered. "You come to see Pop? He's out there, choppin' firewood."

"He's sure late with it," said Abner, critically. His own winter supply had been in since the first week of September

"Yeah," Lucy agreed. "It's a pity."

"I didn't come to see Frank, not special," said Abner. "I came to see you, Lucy."

"Me?" she said "'Tain't often folks come to see me. I know I just look a sight. Can't help it, washing. Come on in, Abner."

They went into the dim brown room of the cabin. Lucy excused herself, and left Abner alone with the worn green upholstery, and a large photograph of her dead mother. He was thinking proudly of the superior magnificence of his own property, when Lucy reappeared. She had tidied her hair, and wiped a smear of suds off her cheek, and bore a thick glass, and a stone bottle. When Abner had been provided with a drink, she sat in the traditional seat of a hostess, the very edge of the sofa, and waited. Abner was aware of a necessity for caution. A suspicion crossed his mind that perhaps Lucy had guessed his reason for coming, and had provided the drink to encourage him. With an air of importance, he swallowed the whiskey, and talked about the weather. Though he was more than ever sure of his decision, he was not going to make it too easy for her. Moreover, he did not intend to commit himself until he had to. Therefore, he followed a course of subtlety and circumlocution.

"Ain't seen y'all around much," he said, though the summer was far too busy a season for anyone to waste time on sociability.

"We been kinder busy," she answered. "Seems like Pop's been kinder behind all summer. I been busy, too." She was trying not to believe that he had come to propose to her. She was humbly certain that she was unworthy of so solid a man as Abner, who, besides, fulfilled all her ideas

of what a man should look like. Of course, he was thin, but with a good wife—but Lucy Green was too plain, and her family too poor. He'd marry that Berrin hussey. But oh, how handsome he was, with all that black hair, and what manners, taking off his hat like that, and her only a young girl! Lucy was trembling with fear that he might, or might not, be going to marry her. But she was determined to air her accomplishments. She wouldn't fail, she decided, for lack of trying.

"Helpin' Pop," she went on, "An' puttin' up my vegetables. Peaches, I got, an' tomatoes, and lots of real nice corn. Grown on my own patch, too. An' I got some flowers this year, too. Real pretty, they were. An' then the mendin' an' patchin' for the menfolks, and I made me two dresses this summer. No, I been too busy to get around." She felt that no one could cavil at that list. Abner thought she made a little too much of the flowers. Still, they were nice to have around, and they wouldn't take up much time. Two dresses seemed a lot, and he said so.

"Oh," said Lucy, in a hurry to explain this seeming extravagance. "I washed for Mis' Abrams, up at the camp, and she gave me a piece of goods, real pretty, but she didn't want it. And Pop bought me some for my birthday. There was more'n I needed, so I made shirts for the twins out of it. Besides," she added boldly, and in great fear, "A girl's got to get some clothes, in case she gets married. You can't expect a man to buy clothes for his wife, not right soon, anyhow." She watched him to see the effect of her remark. Abner was a little taken aback by such frankness, but the good sense of her speech made up for its unmaidenliness. Besides, it provided him with an opening.

"Was you thinkin' of gettin' married, Lucy?" he asked.

"I reckon every girl thinks of it," she answered.

"I reckon," he said, reflectively. "Was you thinkin' of anyone in particular?" he added.

Lucy smiled. "I reckon ever'one thinks of someone in particular," she answered gaily, but with her heart in her mouth. She knew for sure now, that Abner had come to woo her. She loved him as they sat there so gravely.

Abner was less than pleased with her quickness in debate, but he reflected that she would change after her marriage, and grow less lively. He was not seriously displeased with her, only annoyed at those who had brought her up to be so independent.

"I don't reckon I ever tasted any of your bakin', Lucy," he said.

"Well," she answered, "I ain't near the cook Ma was, but Pop an' the boys seem to eat my bakin'. Would you care for a piece of pie? I baked Saturday." She rose, flushed with the knowledge of successful pastry in the jar, and smiled at him as she went out of the room. He rose, too, and wandered over to the fireplace. He was struck by the brightness of a handsome rag rug, and was pulling at various strips of material, to test the strength of the sewing, when he heard her voice.

Lucy sang:

"When in Spring the flowers bloom,
And in Summer cover all,
There is beauty, but my heart
Waits the comin' of the Fall.
Scarlet leaves and scarlet berries,
Russet carpet over all,
There is beauty, an' my heart
Sings the comin' of the Fall."

Abner knew the song well, and liked to hear her sing it. For the first time he realised that it would be pleasant to live with some one who could sing that song so prettily. Lucy was blushing as she entered, since she knew perfectly well that she sang as well as any girl around. She carried a plate well-hidden by a slice of pie.

"Pop an' the boys kinder like my peach," she said. "But somehow, it didn't seem to come out right, Saturday. It's not as good as I'd like to offer you."

Abner approved of both the pie, and the conventional false-modesty. In a silence full of well-being they sat, Lucy watching with delight Abner's steady conquest of the pie. She was thrilled by his not over-fulsome praise. She really considered him perfect, and besides, the button on his shirt-cuff was loose.

The silence continued for a few moments after Abner had finished. He rolled his tongue over his teeth, and frowned portentously. Lucy would have liked to ask him to smoke, and to have offered him the other drink that hospitality demanded, and, perhaps, to have boasted about her bread a little, but she dared not interrupt his thoughts. They were so important to her.

At last Abner looked up with the air of one who has made a sudden and great resolve. "Lucy," he said abruptly. "Will you marry me?"

Lucy was triumphant, but still aware of etiquette. "Me?" she cried. "Why, Abner Merrill!"

"Yeah," he said, seriously. "Will you, Lucy? I got a good farm. You know I got a good farm." He suddenly realised that he very much wanted her to say yes. For the first time, he felt rather humble. "I—I've lived clean, Lucy, and I've saved some," he said. "You can have flowers, Lucy. I'll ever buy you some seeds in town. An' corn an' tomatoes, too," he added hurriedly, realising that he might weaken his position in the future by too much generosity now. "Will you, Lucy?"

"I—we—I kinder thought you'd be marryin' Molly Berrin," she whispered. "She's got forty acres, good ones, too, an' that big house. The best farmhouse in the county, I reckon, with three real separate rooms in it."

"An' the worst temper, too. Won't you marry me, Lucy?" He asked, almost pleaded, though half of him was sure of the answer.

"What will Pop say, an' the boys?" she demurred.

"They'll get along," he said, confidently. "They'll be all right."

"Well, I guess I'll marry you, Abner," she said quietly, after a little pause. "An' gladly. Will you have a piece more pie?"

Half an hour later she walked to the edge of the trees with him. The sun still shone brilliantly, though the sky above the clearing was covered with thick, dull clouds. The breeze had dropped a little, and the yellow, and silver, and vermilion leaves were still, as though one movement would send them fluttering helplessly to the ground. Lucy

felt that her heart was as balanced as the bright leaves before the coming of rain. She realised that the contentment which filled her in the season of the scarlet leaves, and which, before, has always passed with them, would always be with her as long as she was with Abner. Something of this she tried to say.

" Abner, ain't these trees right pretty ? Such pretty colours. I like to see them come. I'm glad you asked me in the Fall, right glad. Now, when I see a leaf like this, it'll be like a date on a calendar, always sayin' this day. I couldn't see them cut down, these trees ; they're so bright. They seem more—alive than other things. I hate to hear Pop cut them down. I hate clearin's. I wouldn t let you cut no clearin's Abner, never. But then, you wouldn t want to. They're pretty—like jewels."

" Well," he said, " I got to be gettin' along now. I'll be back, Lucy. Maybe Sunday. I'll be back."

" Well," she echoed, " Good-bye, Abner. I'll be lookin' for you, ever' day, an' Sunday. Good-bye."

She watched him until the turn of the path hid him. She smiled as he walked away, loving his strong, lean back, and his huge strides. She leaned against a tree whose leaves threw a shadow across her hair, darkening it to rich, yellow gold. She sang very softly, to herself :

" When the trees are bare and dark,
An' the white snow covers all,
Still is brightness in my heart
For my lover of the Fall.
An' the years will leave me free,
Death an' sorrow covered all
By the lovin', steadfast heart
Of my lover of the Fall."

She stood there until the first raindrops fell, hammering on the leaves, and heaping scarlet and gold on the ground. Then she turned, and went happily back to the cabin.

Abner began his walk home cheerfully, conscious of a job well done. He was comfortably sure of having ended a feeling that had been growing in him, a sense of being alone, and little remembered. And sons . . .

But as he walked along, he could not forget Lucy's face, as she had talked about the trees. She seemed—as if she'd got religion, or something. And that stuff about the colour of leaves, and jewels; Abner knew that Lucy had never seen a jewel in her life. He looked round him, thinking that it was going to be a hard winter, if the signs were true. And she liked it, Lucy did. Funny kind of farmer's wife! True, she could cook, and sew, and wash, though he hadn't had a chance to see what the wash was like. But she didn't want him to fell his own trees, to have more fields, to make more money. But she'd grow out of that.

But suppose she brought up the children to think the same? But he'd bring up his own children. And yet women can get at them while a man's working. There was Minnie Welsh, who brought up her son to think he'd like to be a Doctor, and now he was working for the man who ran the feed store in town. What a life for a man! And Tom Welsh without anyone to help on the farm at all, and having to borrow from all his neighbours, help, and machinery, and teams. A farmer's wife should want her sons to be farmers, and want his farm to grow. She should want him to cut down trees.

She looked kind of pretty though, with that look in her big eyes, and her face turned up to his. And her pie was some of the best he'd ever tasted. Was he making a fool of himself over a pretty girl? Abner knew what sins of the flesh were. They cost you, in the end. And she was sort of pretty, and he liked yellow hair. But anyone who'd say a thing like that, just wasn't right in the head.

In his abstraction, he had not noticed the ring of axe on wood, and he jumped aside just in time to escape a felled tree, its top branches whipping across the path. He turned angrily to curse the woodcutter, and saw dark, imperious Molly Berrin near him. She seemed to be directing operations. Sitting on a log, in a fresh blue dress, she looked almost pretty. She smiled at Abner, and turned to the cutter.

"You oughter look what you're doin'," she said severely. "You oughter shout when a tree's goin' to fall. Ain't you got no sense? Y'all ain't hurt none, are you, Abner?"

" I reckon not," he answered. " Just gettin' your Fall wood in now ? "

" My wood's been in for a month," she said scornfully. I'm just clearin' this patch. Reckon I might could use it in Spring. No use to wastin' anythin', I always say."

" Green's just cuttin' his," said Abner, wondering at his unwillingness to tell her his news.

" They're a shiftless lot, the Greens," she observed. " Ain't none of them ever goin' to amount to anythin'. Why, Abner Merrill ! That button's hangin' on by a nothin'. I declare, you oughter have a wife to look after you."

" Yeah," said Abner. " Yeah. Yeah."

. . .

Lucy was back at the edge of the clearing that evening, after supper, watching the rich crimson of the evening sun strike among the trees by the lake. There was a hollow sound of a paddle knocked against the side of a distant boat, and near the bank a fish jumped. A line of ducks waddled solemnly down to the water, and drank with a thin splashing. A light breeze rattled the top leaves, and moved dark purple clouds, edged with flame, slowly across the pale, blue-green sky. She did not look towards the path, since she could see the tall, hurrying figure so clearly in her dreams. She saw again his neatly busy hands as he ate her pie, the only tribute she had yet been able to give him. She nestled a little in her triumph. She was going to be married to Abner Merrill.

She was so full of thoughts of him that she did not see him as he came along the path. He stood opposite her, looking at the face she turned to the thin white moon. There was something foreign about her, something that frightened him. He moved abruptly. She started, and saw him.

" Abner ! " she cried. " Abner, I was thinkin' of you."

" Lucy," he said, and stopped.

" It was nice of you to come," she said shyly. " I ain't told Pop. We-all'll maybe tell him together, shall we, Abner ? "

" No," he said. " I—I came to tell you, Lucy. I—ain't aimin' to marry you. I don't think I chose right. I— "

"But Abner," she said slowly. "Why? I love you. What's the matter with me? I—I love you. Don't you like me? You liked my pie."

He said miserably, "I came to tell you. I'm goin' to marry Molly—Molly Berrin. I made a mistake, Lucy. I'm kinder sorry."

"Oh, that's all right," she said quietly. "That's all right by me, Abner. I ain't told Pop, or nobody. That's all right."

When he got to the turn of the path, he looked back. At first he couldn't see her, but she was there, in the shadows.

The Theatre

SWING ALONG. *Gaiety Theatre.*

THE SLIGHT and rather involved story of the Yellow Shirts provides admirable fooling at the Gaiety. There is Louise Browne dancing to perfection, Fred Emney very solemn and very good, and Leslie Henson about whom nothing need be said, to provide a first-class evening's entertainment. Leslie Henson acts the part of a deputy who is smuggled in to take the place of the leader of the Yellow Shirts who has gone on a political mission. The real leader is in love with Louise Browne, but she, in turn, is in love with Roy Royston who also disguises himself as the leader of the Yellow Shirts. The result is a series of farcical situations very well treated.

Of these Richard Hearne's camera-sketch and the broadcasting episode, though having very little to do with the plot, are especially good. The ballet, though good, is perhaps rather too long and a little out of place, whilst the music is quite bright but undistinguished. Altogether a very good show : but why is not more use made of that admirable artist Zelma O'Neal?

LAUGHTER IN COURT. *Shaftesbury*

THIS PLAY lacks plot and programmes. At least, it lacked programmes when I saw it, a circumstance which leaves one to recognize the actors and actresses whom one knows and guess at the identity of the rest. But no doubt this deficiency has now been remedied. As to the plot, it is a story of a divorced couple, Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire, who get themselves into a compromising position and find their conduct once again the subject of investigation by the Divorce Court, presided over by a President whose letters to Yvonne Arnaud, starting " My dear Little Queen of Sheba," are suddenly produced as evidence. The idea is well enough in its way, but rather tame, and one generally is one move ahead of the author and can anticipate correctly what is coming next.

As for the Divorce Court scene, the only thing which I recognized as familiar was the anchor hanging over the President's chair. To be really amusing, this scene should have borne at least some resemblance to the practice of the Divorce Court. Written and played as pure clowning as it was, it might just as well have been set anywhere else. The middle act, therefore, from which the play takes it name, is the least successful part of the evening. The dialogue, though for the most part unsubtle, is bright and quick, and interpreted by the accomplished and experienced trio, Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmond Breon, becomes at times extremely amusing.

To get a true idea of the value of the play one would no doubt have to see it on tour or done by amateurs, a test to which I suspect it would not stand up very well. But as played at the Shaftesbury it provides very good entertainment.

BLACKBIRDS. *Lyceum.*

THE BLACKBIRDS have now transferred to the Lyceum Theatre, where they are maintaining the high standard of their entertainment. The sketches are perhaps too numerous and prolonged, as to many people negro humour is not very amusing or even uniformly intelligible. But the dancing and singing, which are, of course, the staple part of the show, are well worth a visit.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

Literary Supplement

THE WAR IN OUTLINE. By LIDDEL HART. *Faber & Faber.* 5s.
THE WAR IN ABYSSINIA. By EDWARD HAMILTON. *Unicorn Press.* 5s.

Reviewed by Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn.

TO TELL the whole story of the terrible World War of 1914-18 in 252 pages, of small octavo, in good print and well mapped, if even the merest outline, is no mean feat. The man in the street to-day is far too busy with the tragedies of the present and the problem of his own and the world's future, to think of the past in anything more than such outline. Captain Liddel Hart's book, therefore fills a very general need, and there is no one better qualified than he to do it. The various phases, especially the drama of the outbreak, are drawn with power and skill, in the chapters aptly called " The Spark and the Powder," while the early days of 1914, to the reader always the most interesting phase, are equally to the point. Through the years, and the author pursues the story by the years rather than by the quarter of the globe, which in an " outline " is the only clear course, the reel rolls with admirable clarity and correlation. But all wars are the matter of controversies, and as the world moves on, the pen and the picture of the *compère* become more and more active and more and more general. The context, how it really seemed at the time, and how the personal equations seemed at the moment, is the one essential factor that is hardest for him to explain or even to realize himself. The written word and the diary often fail to present the matter as it seemed at the time.

Captain Liddel Hart is a critic and a very able critic too, but his criticisms are by no means universally accepted as the last word. Further, it is one thing to criticise individuals and to sit in the seat of judgment when the various evidences, presentments and authorities can be discussed at length ; that is the right and duty of the historian. To do so in an outline is very different and there should be little of it. The great actors were striving to the best of their ability, with all their human limitations to serve their cause. The critical tone adopted in this outline is out of place. Lord Jellicoe, for instance, was handling a task many times more difficult and more vital than ever Lord Nelson, and his efforts brought success and safety. In an outline it should be left at that. The one outstanding point about Field-Marshall Sir William Robertson is that his strong and wise hand brought the affairs of the armies of the Empire from chaos to control, and the point for history to note is that had that happened earlier we should have fared better. The successful campaigns in Palestine and on the Tigris should not have been dismissed in contemptuous reference to comparative figures, without some

explanation of the peculiar conditions, or the first principle of war, that make superiority of numbers and equipment as the *summum bonum* of effort. Again be it said, in outlines, controversies and unproved judgments are out of place. Captain Liddel Hart's brilliant summary will for this reason have the effect of giving the journalist of little knowledge a handle, that he should probably not be entrusted with. Nevertheless most of us who read this book will feel that our shelves cannot be without it!

Edward Hamilton's brief military history of *The War in Abyssinia* is another of the indispensable books. All the more so because at present we know very little of the course of the Italian campaign. We know that the Italian engineer, always above the usual, achieved miracles for his lorry service, we know that there was no very great amount of fighting, that the Abyssinians lost the war at that particular stage by forcing pitched battles in which they could not win, and we know that the Italian troops marched and climbed with great endurance. We know too the wild confusion resulting from the overdue development of Massowa, and the difficulties that the organizers had in catching up haste with efficiency. But what really happened and how it all worked out, has been quite unrevealed to anyone outside the various Bureaux de Guerre and their *attaches*. This outline like Liddel Hart's, though on a very different scale of time and space, is clear, succinct and gives sufficient of the *mise en scene* that preceded the war, to enable the story to be followed. It is the sort of work, that a British staff aspirant, studying the nature of war that may be specially his, will find of great value. The small total casualties in deaths is noticeable, but the wounded figures are not given. The details of sickness are also omitted, but it would appear that the Italian preventive service of health and sanitation was remarkable. Yet one would like to have figures.

PARNELL. A Biography. By JOAN HASLIP. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 15*s.*

ALTHOUGH ONE of the most striking monuments in Dublin commemorates the Home Rule leader, Catholic Ireland is still, to a certain extent, divided in its opinion of Parnell's character. But of his work for Ireland and the great milestone which he set in the road of national independence there has never been any question. His latest biographer, Miss Joan Haslip, retells the story of his life and work in a readable and on the whole accurate manner, even if she is naturally somewhat biased in favour of her hero and the Irish Nationalist party.

With the exception of the Dillon Papers and the Gladstone Papers, Miss Haslip does not appear to have made use of any fresh manuscript material. She has, however, read fairly widely among

the numerous secondary authorities bearing on the period of the Home Rule struggle. For example, she emphasizes the relations between Captain O'Shea and Joseph Chamberlain which, though long suspected, were never definitely proved till the publication of their correspondence in Mr. J. L. Garvin's recent *Life of Chamberlain*. On the other hand, she shows no signs of familiarity with the writings of Sir Robert Anderson, the Home Office official who was responsible for dealing with crime in Ireland. His *Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement* contains important material relating to the Special Commission which investigated the Pigott forgeries, and shows *inter alia* that there are grounds for supposing that there was more than one forger at work, Miss Haslip would appear to have ignored this. Nor is there any specific mention of the general charges brought against Parnell apart from the forged letters.

Again, she is altogether too hard on Mrs. O'Shea, upon whom she puts the entire blame for the adulterous connection with Parnell. Mrs. O'Shea did not possess and dominate him, as Miss Haslip would have us believe, "dragging him down to her own level, forcing him to conform to her own standards." There are a few other errors and omissions which might be corrected in a future edition. For instance, Monaghan is not in the heart of the Orange north, as is stated on page 250. In her description of the so-called "Manchester Martyrs" Miss Haslip refers to the offence for which they were executed as an "accidental murder" (p. 29). Now murder cannot be accidental. Its essence is premeditation, and the author should have stressed the fact that the verdict in the case should properly have been one of manslaughter.

There is little, if anything, that is new in this book, but Miss Haslip has told her story skilfully and well, while the reader's interest is fully maintained to the end. Indeed, in the concluding chapters, she is perhaps at her best. But her writing is marred in places by an irritating habit of anticipating events which she later describes in detail.

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE.

WALKS AND TALKS ABROAD. By SIR ARNOLD WILSON, M.P. *Oxford University Press, Humphrey Milford.* 6*s.*

FOR a diary to have permanent value as literature, it must reveal, not only what the diarist sees and hears, but the diarist himself. Those who do not know Sir Arnold Wilson will have little better idea of his personality at the conclusion of this book than they had before. It follows that Sir Arnold is not competing in the class of Pepys or Creevey. But he would not claim to do so. What he has set out to do rather is to give a faithful portrait of what is being thought and done in foreign countries and to assist us with his own

views as those of an independent and free observer. In this Sir Arnold has been triumphantly successful.

The book is called *Walks and Talks Abroad*, but, in fact, there is very little walking. This, no doubt, was inevitable as Sir Arnold had great distances to cover and not too much time at his disposal. In Germany he travelled principally by air, as do all sensible people in a country where air travel costs only about 15 per cent. more than the second-class on the railway. The book is full of talk, but not very much of Sir Arnold's. Either he preferred to listen or has been too modest to record his own part in the conversations in the same detail as those of his interlocutors; at any rate, he figures much less largely than the people whose views he went to ascertain. Inevitably perhaps, there is a good deal of repetition in his chronicle of the things that were told him. Sir Arnold might perhaps, with advantage, have cut these repetitions, but possibly he left them in order to illustrate the unanimity of opinion in foreign countries on certain points.

Sir Arnold has interesting chapters on Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, and Austria, but the greater part of the book is devoted to Germany and Italy. In Germany Sir Arnold found much to admire. In particular the national spirit which makes the most formidable tasks appear easy. He admires unreservedly the labour and public works camps, the successful efforts of Germany to keep at bay the demoralization which the unemployed feel in most urban centres in Europe, and the healthy, classless training which is being given to the young German of to-day. Where he has found things to criticise, he does not hesitate to do so, and he is disturbed about the future of Christianity in Germany and the Colonial question. But he saw everything as a free observer in a country which, despite the alarmists, is fundamentally friendly to this country, has much to teach us, and respects our views.

Sir Arnold went to Italy at the time of the attempted "strangulation by sanctions," and found much to admire there too, especially, again, the admirable national spirit with which all alike were facing hardship and formidable obstacles. Italy, too, Sir Arnold found fundamentally well-disposed towards this country, in spite of the great wrong which the Italians consider that they suffered from the Sanctionist policy of Mr. Eden and his friends. Sir Arnold does not join cause with the scaremongers as to the alleged designs of Italy on Egypt and the Sudan.

Sir Arnold is an invaluable member of Parliament because he has the courage of his energetic convictions and has not allowed his independence of judgment to be obscured by Party blinkers. In this book he has exercised that independent judgment and has faith-

fully recorded the views that he found. Not the least interesting part of the books are the views of statesmen in Italy and Germany, the young people of these countries, and business men all over Europe on the condition and policy of England to-day. It is invaluable to see ourselves as others see us, and on that account those who have few contacts abroad and read only the English press, are especially recommended to read this book.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

THE REVIVAL OF AGRICULTURE (Prepared by a Committee of the Rural Reconstruction Association). *George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.*

THIS BOOK, published by the Rural Reconstruction Association, is of interest because it regards the agricultural situation from the right angle. It is concerned with the direct problem of bringing land under cultivation and not with safeguarding particular vested interests. Land under cultivation means people employed in agriculture because farming in the country where land is valuable and space restricted cannot be performed by wholesale mechanisation. Moreover, this book, unlike many others, has faith in men at present on the land. It therefore commends itself to the statesmen because it is concerned with the paramount problem of getting more people naturally engaged in natural surroundings, a fact that vitally concerns the physique and temper of our race.

The book will annoy some people. The politically timid and the too-commercially-minded will resent the advocacy of discarded economic expedients. The suggestion of a standard price fixed having regard to the prevailing standards of life and production in the country will not appeal to Free Traders. The lure of cheap food is still great in the market place. It satisfies the urban employer because it cheapens labour ; it satisfies labour because by pecuniary standards it lowers the cost of living ; and it pleases the merchant because it allows many unnecessary distributive services to be performed on imported commodities. In point of fact, this is all illusion and the result is derelict land both in the prairie and at home and the real standard of living descending, despite the possession of certain mechanical toys. All this is hard to realise because to a materially-spoiled people the apparent is more convincing than the real and the amenities of the present are more attractive than the prospects of the future.

It must be regretted that despite good aim the artillery employed in this book is not of sufficiently heavy weight. Many of the arguments are rather staccato in their utterance and not sufficiently incisive. However, it is reassuring to notice that opposition is already mobilising against the dangerous views of Orwin, the Astor-Rowntree

group and other reputed intellectuals. If agricultural policy is to be dictated by economists and not statesmen, we shall soon become a civilisation of unemployed artisans living in a chemically impoverished countryside without the physique to produce food or to defend our fields.

The Revival of Agriculture has a further fault. It compromises with modern susceptibilities and is arrogant in its claims. It administrates a " plan " for agricultural revival, whereas what is wanted is an inspired lead. It is no use to assert that the unemployed artisan will be reabsorbed or industries saved by agricultural re-equipment. It is probably no more true to say that prices will not be raised. The point is that by industrial standards the land cannot be saved. The solution is for statesmen to insulate the land economically from the current market tendencies. Then, when lack of humus has turned the prairies to desert and mass-production has relegated the industrial districts to the position of Ninevah and Tyre, the English race will exist in its own breeding ground and be at least stocked with food. This admittedly exaggerated example proves the lesser point. It is to be hoped that the Rural Reconstruction Association will realize that it is more practical to achieve its aim by preaching its sound economic values than by making extravagant claims to salve a system that is irretrievably submerged by its own false premises.

JOHN GREEN.

INDIA. By H. H. DODWELL. *Arrowsmith.* Two volumes. 7*s.* 6*d.*

BRITISH INDIA does not lack its historians. The volumes of the *Cambridge History of India* compare favourably with all the other *Cambridge Histories.* Dr. Edward Thompson and Mr. G. T. Garratt produced some two years ago the *Rise and Fulfilment of British Rule in India,* which—with an enthusiasm rare among Scotsmen —Lord Lothian described as a volume worthy to rank with J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People.* Professor Dodwell himself has made many important contributions to British Indian history. It is only natural, therefore, that the reader should approach these two small volumes little expecting to discover new facts or an entirely new treatment of well-worn themes.

Professor Dodwell dismisses in a few brief pages the greater history which precedes the struggle between Dupleix and Clive. For him the central figures are Warren Hastings and his turbulent colleagues. There follow the great Governors-General from Wellesley to Canning, and the first volume ends with the Sepoy Mutiny. More than twenty centuries struggle into the opening chapters of the first volume. Less than eighty years hold the field in the second volume, and of its few chapters the most provocative and the most

challenging concerns itself with "The Federal Experiment"—an experiment, it should be remembered, which has not yet begun.

There are obvious disadvantages when the historian plays the part of the prophet, and Professor Dodwell cannot be expected to like the new changes. He is not so confident as other historians that the new reforms are to be the fulfilment of the work begun by Clive and Warren Hastings. But he acknowledges that "the predominant motive has been to set up a machine that will function." "Like everything else that England has done in India, this last Act is a great experiment." Professor Dodwell's book encourages the reader to maintain his concern for India's future. India may no longer be a major Parliamentary issue, but it will be a bad day when our legislators relax their vigilance. J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON.

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER. By GERALD BULLETT. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
I AM DEATH. By REARDEN CONNER. *Chapman & Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
OLD JAN. By STIJN STREUVELS. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
MANY ENCHANTMENTS. By LESLEY KEEN SEGAL. *Peter Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

AFTER READING the first few pages of Mr. Bullett's new novel I felt like raising a mild cheer—a cheer for the middle-brow novelist who had dared to choose a psycho-pathological, even medico-jurisprudential theme. The rape of Drusilla aged 13 is a fine piece of work, tragic, frightful and convincing, skilfully handled with an indirect method of presentation. But disappointment soon set in. As Drusilla grew up and became a famous actress, her personality, in spite of all Mr. Bullett's tender care, began to fade. Nothing much happened; the narrative seemed to develop into the familiar jog-trot of the average competent family novel. What tremendous punch was Mr. Bullett getting ready to sling? I suppose I might have guessed when Drusilla married a singularly irritating Cambridge don who was a lot younger than herself and whose parentage was wrapt in mystery. But the punch when it came was none other than the genuine Sophoclean knock-out. Drusilla had married her son! Mama and old Dr. Hewish had told a white lie. The baby had been farmed out instead of still-born.

I am afraid Mr. Bullett has missed his tragic mark. The inevitable inevitability of tragedy just isn't there—and not because he refrains from winking a hint to the audience: "watch what's coming to this poor fly." The coincidence by which Robert discovers the secret of his paternity and runs over his father would delight the soul of a mystical mathematician, and does remind one of Box and Cox. But this doesn't matter either; the coincidences of life are, as any club bore will tell you, stranger than fiction. The fact is that Oedipus in modern dress, in spite of a lot of careful and often

sensitive writing by Mr. Bullett, simply doesn't come off. Whether it ever could is another matter; perhaps a Freudian hook below the belt would have been more effective than the Sophoclean straight right to the jaw. Respects to Mr. Bullett for courageously attempting an impossible job, and congratulations on his opening pages and the characters of Mama and Dr. Hewish.

Mr. Rearden Conner writes very well and works very hard at his writing. *I Am Death* is a straightforward grim story of an Irish unemployed labourer, a good deal dominated by his brother, who goes cracked, runs amok and starts doing people in right and left. The city slum background of shrill whores and croaking nornlike harridans, is very nicely worked up. The dialogue is lively and natural with plenty of genuinely Irish distorted imagery. And, which is such a refreshing change, the cracked killer neither gets caught, certified, nor killed; he just goes on killing. Altogether a highly satisfactory *tour de force.*

Old Jan is a really excellent very simple piece of sympathetic realism about a Flanders peasant who likes horses and getting drunk. He marries; his sons grow up and throw him out; he creeps back to the farm where he was working when the book began. That's about all there is to it, but it is quite exceptionally well done.

Many Enchantments is odd, rather inconsequent, undeniably whimsical but fortunately not in too nice a way. I never discovered for certain the source of the spells, by no means all of them benevolent, which were contorting life in the village of Brimsdown. There was a good deal of demoniacal possession going on and one or two sensational disappearances. What gives the book its rather pleasantly inconsequent tone is Miss Segal's habit of going on introducing new characters and refusing to satisfy one's curiosity about those who have already appeared—or disappeared. Altogether it is difficult to convey the flavour of *Many Enchantments*. There are, incidentally, some agreeable illustrations by the author. MAURICE RICHARDSON.

THE POEMS OF SIR WILLIAM WATSON, 1878-1935. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
COLLECTED POEMS. By GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
FEAR IS THE THORN. By RACHEL FIELD. *Macmillan.* 5*s.*
WITH ODYSSEUS. By S. F. A. COLES. *Lovat Dickson.* 6*s.*
MY OTHER HEART. By DORIS KERMAN. *Beck.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
POEMS. By VILLIERS DAVID. *Unicorn Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

THERE IS nothing in this batch of poetry to announce with a flourish of critical trumpets, nothing to make one realize afresh the power of poetry, no new *Waste Land* or *Orators* or *One Way Song.* Sir William Watson was of course an eminently respectable craftsman, essentially a professional writer, which distinguishes him from

the other versifiers with whom he is arbitrarily associated here. It is not only that from long practice he uses words more deftly and ingeniously than they do, but, what is far more important, his poems do not seem to spring *directly* from the author's personal failure to come to satisfactory terms with life; which is the demonstrable origin of most "amateur" poetry, and the reason for its devastating dullness and monotony. (Good art is anything but a *cri du cœur* or a dream world.)

This is neither the time nor the place to attempt a judgment of Watson's place in English poetry. Neither his idiom nor his outlook is sympathetic to the present generation, as he himself was well aware. His poetry is deliberately and consciously "literary." The tendency of modern poetry is in the opposite direction, it having been felt that live literary poetry cannot be written in a socially disintegrated period, but only in a society both sure and conscious of itself. But whatever the reason may be, Watson's admirable verses do frequently strike one as academic and banal, emotionally a little trite and therefore verging on the sentimental. As Desmond MacCarthy has said in an excellent and appreciative essay on Watson: "Too often he starts writing from a thought which he proceeds to put into metre, instead of from those feelings whence that thought sprang, and to which it is the privilege of poetry to lead us back. The care and skill with which he then chooses the words which will define his thought are indeed most estimable, but too often his labour as a poet has begun too late on the process of creation."

Mr. Young is as "literary" as Watson, but not such a good writer, though accomplished enough in his way. His verses are suffused with an atmosphere of placid rumination sometimes divagating into whimsicality.

If Ella Wheeler Wilcox had been a trifle sprightlier and more sophisticated—but not *much* more—she would have written very like Rachel Field.

The other three books are all in the "escapist" category. S. F. A. Coles goes in for travel, a stock specific since Ganguin. *My Other Heart* is all about Love. Mr. Villiers David escapes, literally, in an aeroplane.

GILBERT ARMITAGE.

NAVAL MEMOIRS: SCAPA FLOW TO THE DARDANELLES. By SIR ROGER KEYES. *Thornton Butterworth.*

THOSE to whom the Great War is still a vivid memory and who are insatiable in their thirst for literature concerning it, will find Sir Roger Keyes' second volume well up to the standard of the earlier one; in addition it probably goes a little deeper into the

actual organisation of the defence of this country in the lean years of 1916-1918. This book covers a period when Sir Roger Keyes was responsible for organising an important section of that defence, himself, and is perhaps more interesting in its description of the amount of detail and work put into the organisation of the Dover Patrol rather than in the author's opinion of the Battle of Jutland with which the book opens. The events leading up to the heroic assaults on Zeebrugge are given to the public for the first time in detail and will astound the reader with the thought and energy required to carry out any venture which will surprise an enemy and secure a tactical advantage in a modern war. The book, as a whole, rivets the reader's attention when dealing with actual events, but, like many books of this type, must, inevitably, tend to become a defence of the biographer himself, where difference of opinion may have arisen in the High Command. P. E. B.

RURAL ROUNDABOUT. By HOCKLEY CLARKE. *Allman & Sons.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

IT IS difficult to collect a number of essays and to make them into a composite whole, but in this book, which is divided into the four seasons of the year, the method has obviously succeeded. The author has avoided over-sentimentalizing some of the passing aspects of Country Life and stresses the more active side; two of the best chapters are those on "Getting in the Hay" and on the training of Foxhounds. Others follow on the occupations of such craftsmen as the hurdle-maker, hedge-cutter, rick-builder and the shepherd.

The book is a chronicle of events which might well happen in any typical country village in England. Much of it deals in an interesting manner with the habits of the common wild animals and birds and a chapter on Rooks as an original study of these birds.

Rural Roundabout is quite one of the best small books on the Countryside which has been published in recent years. P. E. B.

AGAIN ONE DAY. By MATILA C. GHYKA. *Methuen.* 7*s* 6*d.*

Again One Day has been translated from the Roumanian writer Matila C. Ghyka, by Maud Bigge. Last summer under its French title, *Pluie d'Etoiles*, it won the prix "*Rester Jeune.*"

It is a Ruritanian romance, nearly submerged in a mixture of Baedeker and minor Ministerial affairs in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia.

Possibly it has suffered in translation, not in the text but in the matter. For the average English reader who is not well acquainted with Central Europe, it is rather a confusion of history and geography though with a reassuring emphasis on the invincibility of the British Navy.

The story opens in Vienna in 1927—a Vienna stripped of her splendour and gaiety, depressed, restless and poverty-stricken as a result of the War. The palaces are closed and the old Austrian Society has practically disappeared. Some have retired to their country estates, others have become naturalized Czechs, Hungarians or Roumanians, according to the new frontier which separates them from their homes.

Of this material the author makes his Ruritanian romance. The book ends happily as all good Ruritanian novels should, with the Princess marrying the poor cartographer, who proves to be none less than the Duke of Freidland, a title revived on very slender evidence, after being extinct for 300 years! Everyone is happy—even the former diplomats being re-appointed to their beloved London (by a curious coincidence in the same week) after an exile of fourteen years.

The book contains a wealth of detail. At times it is welcome. The charm of Prague is portrayed as though the author knows well and loves the old city. For the most part, however, the detail is too minute, and occasionally reminds one of a furniture inventory. Mr. Matila Ghyka appears to have a bee in his bonnet over certain subjects—and objects. The brown and white striped cheese cover appears so frequently that it is quite disappointing to find it has no mysterious bearing on the story. The other " bee " is the Flemish painter Breughel, who is quoted for comparison throughout the book on such diverse subjects as sailing ships, Czecho-Slovakians, Gothic provincial towns, garden parties and scenery in the Czech mountains.

ISLA BELL.

ONCE YOUR ENEMY. By HEINRICH HAUSER. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THERE IS no need for the hater of " war-novels " to shrink from this book. There is nothing anatomical either physically or what is worse psychologically in Heinrich Hauser's account of his life. Instinctively a rebel against the capitalism which enslaved him and the War-time communism which was also his professional enemy, he knew what was wrong, states it and ungrumbling leaves it.

Simple-minded and single-minded he followed his theory of life, often against great odds but without the effort of any apparent mental conflict. There was no question in his mind. In him, his resolution, his fearlessness, his frank contempt for current social

conditions, his puzzled but definite discontent with economic ones, there is embodied the spirit of the best of modern German youth, a spirit that circumstances have made less apparent in this country and one that for all we know may well be messianic.

For the rest, it is a grand adventure story by land and sea, which enthralled me from first to last, and which I am sure has lost none of its brilliant but always unexaggerated descriptiveness in a very efficient translation. ANTHONY MCNULTY.

FRANCE. A handbook for beginners in French. By DR. CLOUDESBY BRERETON, M.A., L. ES L. PARIS, DOCTEUR ES LETTRES (Hon. Causa) LILLE, CHEVALIER DE LA LEGION D'HONNEUR. *Heffer (Cambridge)*. 1s.

HERE is the authoritative book on France. And it will be a pity if its masterly brevity and humble price deceive the guinea public into ignoring it. It is the equal in its own province of Professor Brierley's masterpiece on International Law, *The Law of Peace*, which would be ten times better known if it were ten times less concise.

The explanation of the book's achievement is that it is in fact three wireless talks, broadcast first by the B.B.C., and subsequently repeated from Paris at the invitation of the French Government.

The book now consists of two chapters, " France and the French " and the " Genius of France." The title of the first chapter explains itself: the second chapter deals more particularly with French education, art and literature. The first is likely more to entrance the general reader: the second in its compression to earn the admiration of the initiated.

Dr. Brereton has himself looked into Racine's clear pool, and from its depths, there has reflected back to him a profound essay on the Englishman. It may be that, even by the time these words appear, the attention which has for a moment turned to Spain will by the same lethal instruments be turned back again to France. Dr. Brereton quotes Lamartine: " Le tricoleur a fait le tour du monde et le drapeau rouge n'a fait que le tour du champ du Mars." "In France," says Dr. Brereton, " that speech was decisive." And yet word comes to us to-day that there are places in France where one must not say " Vive la France " but " Vive la Russie." Has Dr. Brereton described, with consummate skill and the insight of experience, a country that is passing away? M. M.

POT LUCK IN ENGLAND. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. *Chapman & Hall*. 7s 6d.

MR. GOLDRING has written a book on England as he saw it in a tour through some of the eastern counties and across to the west via Shrewsbury, Hereford and the Wye Valley. But this book is written from an urban point of view and it helps one to understand

why it is that the countryside is appreciated by the countryman and the townsman in a different manner. There may well be room for a modern Cobbett, but we do not find him in Mr. Goldring. In a tour at random undertaken by motor-'bus by an observer as independent as the author of this book, one would have expected some comment on the real industry of the countryside—agriculture. Instead, we get an admirable description of the sights to be seen by one of an enquiring nature in our country towns, and an intimate description, and to some extent condemnation, of the hotels and "pubs" which the author frequented However, when returning to his own ground in the last chapter, we find an excellent discourse on the decay of the important architectural features of London.

P. E. B.

SHORTER NOTICES

IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHIES. *Allen & Unwin.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

AN AMUSING essay in the imaginary biographies of obscure persons who have crossed the path of history for one dramatic moment, written by such masters of historical biography as Arthur Bryant and Hilaire Belloc. A very interesting result.

DRAMA THROUGH THE CENTURIES AND PLAY PRODUCING TO-DAY. By A. B. ALLEN. *Allman.* 6*s.*

THIS INTERESTING book consists in its first part of a résumé of the history of Drama in England, and in its second in instruction and advice with regard to stage presentation and production. Intended primarily for schools, it will also be of considerable value to amateur dramatic societies, and of interest to students of drama generally.

CANOE ERRANT ON THE NILE. By MAJOR R. RAVEN-HART. *John Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A PLEASANTLY-WRITTEN and well-illustrated account of Major Raven-Hart's journey by canoe in the lesser-known districts of the Nile. He went from Anglo-Egyptian Sudan northwards to Assuam and Upper Egypt and describes the peoples and customs of Nubia, and the amusing adventures that befell him by the way.

FROM HESTON TO THE HIGH ALPS. By DOUGLAS FAWCETT. *Macmillan.* 6*s.*

A FEW tips to would-be aviators and the author's own experiences of learning to fly. Mr. Fawcett's book is profusely illustrated with some very good photographs of the Alps.

TSUSHIMA. By A. NOVIKOFF-PRIBOY. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

THE AUTHOR, himself, took part as a seaman in the great Battle of Tsushima fought thirty years ago during the Russo-Japanese War. The book has not only considerable value as a technical estimate of one of the strategically most important naval engage-

ments in history, but is also in its narrative aspects full of dramatic interest to the ordinary reader.

WESTERN CIVILIZATION IN THE NEAR EAST. By HANS KOHN. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

DR. KOHN'S comprehensive survey is of special interest at the moment as providing a background for that part of the world on which British attention seems likely to be increasingly focused. It is closely packed with authoritative and well-documented information and can either be read through for the interest of the narrative or used as a quarry for eliciting facts relative to the Near East and its complex problems.

AUSTRIAN THEORIES OF CAPITAL, INTEREST AND THE TRADE-CYCLE. By DR. FRANZ WIEN-CLAUDI. *Stanley Nott.* 6*s.*

THIS BOOK must necessarily be of limited appeal. But to the student of economics it provides a lucid and workmanlike analysis of the monetary theories of Bohm-Bawerk, Menger, von Mises and Schumpeter.

FAIR COMPANY. By DORIS LESLIE. *John Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THIS IS the most ambitious work yet undertaken by the author of *Full Flavour*. In her new novel Miss Leslie has related the history of four generations of women—Sabrina whose husband is killed at Waterloo; Clare, a Victorian; Charlotte, the Suffragette, and Jill of the Great War generation. Their lives and crises are drawn with strong narrative power and a good sense of period atmosphere.

CENTRAL EUROPE AND THE WESTERN WORLD. By DR. GERHARD SCHACHER. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.*

DR. SCHACHER recognizes Central Europe as the danger spot and he has written his book as an effort to indicate how it can be brought to sounder and more balanced conditions which will no longer allow it to be the danger spot of world peace. Dr. Schacher is a Free Trader. This may be very well in principle, but its application to Central Europe to-day would seem extremely remote. Meantime he is a hostile critic of the Anschluss which is perhaps a more practical step in the direction of the object which he wishes to attain.

THE NATIVES ARE FRIENDLY. By COLIN HOWARD. *Nelson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS IS a rather naive account of the adventures of a young writer in London. There are the usual and apparently inevitable concomitants of demonstrations by the unemployed, down-and-outs, prostitutes in the Park, the Café Royal and the Running Horse. But the youthful emotions are authentic enough and the story swings along at an agreeable pace and in a style that is clear and brisk enough.

Correspondence

DEAR SIR—I have great sympathy with the tired reviewer, but Mr. Maurice Richardson carries fatigue too far. In the July issue of the *English Review* his notice of my novel *All Star Cast* contains the following comprehensive mis-statement:

> " I didn't think as highly of the play—in which a more or less accidental murderess allows a neurotic, hunted footman-jewel-thief to sacrifice himself for her—as he did. . . ."

The subject of this play is a deliberate murder; the solution of its drama shows the murderess refusing to accept the footman's offer, and the final curtain leaves her voluntarily surrendering to the police.

I shall be glad if you will give this correction the same publicity as the mis-statement has received.

Yours faithfully,

Clevedon, Somerset. NAOMI ROYDE SMITH.

Mr. Richardson replies as follows:

It looks as if Miss Royde Smith has caught me napping. But I wasn't so tired when I reviewed her novel. The very tired reviewer is careful not to give himself away and abstains from guessing what's in a book he hasn't read. He certainly doesn't, as I did, attempt to give a résumé of the plot. I was just confused by the play within the novel and got hold of two sticks by the wrong ends. Whether this confusion was my fault for being dumb or the fault of Miss Royde Smith's play for being confusing I don't know.

To the Editor, *English Review.*

SIR—When reading Lord Queensborough's article in your August issue one feels that His Lordship has the knowledge and courage to go behind the smoke-screen of modern politics and to show the danger towards which we are heading.

But I crave your indulgence to ask: He has pointed out Scylla, is there no Charybdis? In evading one, may we not be broken by the other, and if so what course should we steer to avoid both?

World domination through Bolshevism is one danger, perhaps world domination through Fascism is its counterpart. Both Fascism and Bolshevism are derivatives of the platonic or pagan State in which all human lives and souls are subordinated to the idol, government; both lead to a world dominion wherein man is the slave of the State and the State, not man, is the unit of consideration.

This being so, the questions arise, is Fascism but a counter-blast to Bolshevism, muffling no subtle design? Or are they both slogans raised to suit varying tastes, but leading to the same goal? If so,

do they indicate the use of similar means by antagonistic groups, each of which intends to gain the prize of world dominion ?

Is a unified world its natural end ? Perhaps it is, but there remains a choice of the form of government that will survive. Pagan Communism stands opposed to Christian Individualism and the time is near at hand for us to choose between a slavish and degrading obedience to an iron human rule or a willing sacrifice to higher laws. The confusion that is the culmination of the last century of dalliance with mis-called " Liberal principles " may well induce the chastened frame of mind, necessary to determine our choice and make us realize that in the Christian State lies our only hope. Our salvation will lie not in competition, but in helpfulness; not in display, or pride of place, but in brotherhood ; patriotism in defence, but not national self-assertion.

I think our King said recently something to the effect that kingship implied service. That is a lead to follow, and the brotherhood that it will engender, which is inherent in our conception of a Commonwealth of Nations, will release a force that may spread beyond the bounds of our present Empire and perhaps lead to a wider commonwealth.

Yours, etc.,
M. S. H. MONTAGU.

Kyambu,
Kenya Colony.

[*The English Review* is, of course, neither Communist nor Fascist. But it distinguishes between these creeds in their practice abroad, because Fascism is, by its nature, not an exportable commodity, while the whole basis of Communism rests on international propaganda. Ed.]